



*“Live your life today”*

Commodore Lex Peterson

September 14, 1957 - August 30, 2004

# Currents

October 2004

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## Currents is the monthly newsletter of the Bluewater Cruising Association (BCA),

published 10 times per year from September to June. BCA is a non-profit society, formed in 1978, to foster an active interest in offshore sailing. Its membership is based mainly in British Columbia with headquarters in Vancouver and an active branch in Victoria. Membership is approximately 500, including at least 90 members who are cruising offshore at any given time. BCA is a member of the Council of B.C. Yacht Clubs, an Associate Partner of the Vancouver Maritime Museum and a supporter of the Marine Parks Forever Society and the Disabled Sailing Association.

2004 Fees for New Members with Canadian mailing addresses: Initiation fee \$100 plus annual dues \$95 = \$195.00. For non-Canadian mailing addresses: add \$20 for extra mailing; Initiation \$120 CDN plus annual dues \$115 CDN = \$235 CDN. Cheques payable to Bluewater Cruising Association. For more information contact the Membership Watchkeeper (above).

The Editor should receive all notices, letters, advertising, or other items for publication in *Currents*

## CURRENTS

December Deadline:  
October 20th

by the first day of the month prior for inclusion in the next month's issue. Advertising materials, except for Tradewinds, should be submitted directly to the Advertising Manager. Please contact advertising@bluewatercruising.org. All

contributions from members are greatly appreciated and, subject to space available, an effort will be made to publish all material received. *Currents* reserves the right to edit all letters in accordance with club policy.

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The Advertising Manager, who will be happy to provide a schedule of rates and mechanical requirements upon request, coordinates commercial advertising in *Currents*.

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1-877-214-4917

CONTRIBUTIONS to *Currents* accepted in most forms! Send email in plain text or MS Word to currents@bluewatercruising.org (PLEASE NOTE NEW EMAIL ADDRESS.) Keep text formatting to a minimum, and watch for Style Guidelines. Handwritten submissions mailed to club address also accepted.



Catching Rays on *Polaris A* Race Week 2004

## Currents

### E-mail Photo Requirements

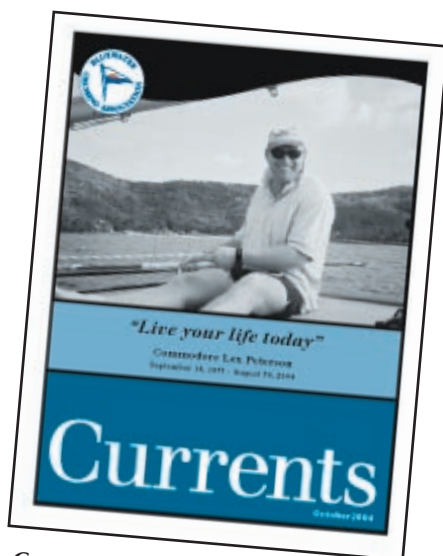
Please note that these are ideal....

**Candid Shots:** Acceptable would be 150dpi at 100% of actual size.

The preferred resolution would be 300dpi to give us the option to enlarge.

**Cover Shots:** Vertical format.

The image area is 6"x10", 200-300dpi. Larger area is acceptable and will allow for cropping. Jpeg is the preferred format for all email photo submissions.



Cover:

Lex

Zihuatenejo, Mexico

January 2003



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name in the subject

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Our cover this month is so full of joy – a much needed reminder in a time of so much sorrow.

There's Lex racing a hobie with the big boats at Z-Fest in January of 2003. He and Tina on their first "hot" holiday (take that whatever way you like!) Having a blast! Shmoozing around the anchorage, so very Lex.

At the time he wrote for Top Currents, "It was a wonderful opportunity to connect with old and new friends in the cruising community, move for a short time from a dreamer to a doer, and see how we intersect and interact with all the other communities out there."

Further on he reflects, "What struck me about this trip was seeing how important it is to belong to a community, a tribe, a support network. It doesn't matter whether the currency of your tribe is big houses and fancy cars, or happy children, small fishes and music till 5 a.m.

What matters is your participation. Do you add value to your community or just consume its resources?" (Currents April 2003)

Lex would toss off wonderful words like these, and email them over to me with a triumphant "ta dah!!" I started out belonging to his BCA tribe, then his friends who just loved messing around in boats tribe and then, most importantly, his family tribe. He and Tina have become close and loving friends. One of the consequences of having great friends is that you get to be part of their great family. So now, of course, my life is blessed with a connection to Chris, and Jen, and Annie, and Pauline and John, and Colleen and Kate.

His brilliant too-short life has been celebrated recently with a wonderful afternoon of story telling and trading of memories at the Rowing Club. Calgary Olympic Park was also the scene of a touching celebration. Not many people in the sailing community knew that our Commodore was an Olympic athlete who had not only formed the New Zealand bobsleigh team but was its driver in the 1988 Winter Olympics.

And we honored Lex at our Club Night on Tuesday. I spoke, as did Malcolm and Dave and Sally and Peter. What a wonderful heartfelt tribute! But it was the photo montage set to the sounds of Lex's favorite chanteuse, Diana Krall, that moved us all. Thank you Guy, for that.

When I close my eyes and think about Lex, the last few months float by just like that montage, a moving slide show. There are images of eating sushi, watching the little boats at Jericho, admiring his new brown leather couch, having a beer at Fiddlehead Joe's, sailing for one wonderful afternoon on *Hot Pursuit* ...and... okay, more sushi and more beer!

But a few moments have more glue than others.

August Rendezvous. Lex and Tina hosting a drop-in at Blackberry Cottage. Tina and I fixing some food in the kitchen. I turned and saw Lex in his cushioned Adirondack chair on the deck in the sun. He was like the central image in a beautiful still life. Behind, with him always in sight, Tina. At his feet, Annie arranging flowers. By his side, Chris and Jen playing chess. Down the hill, *Rosebud* bobbing on her mooring. Friends coming up the path.

Live your life today.

## CURRENT EVENTS

### Vancouver Club Night

**Tuesday, October 12, 2004 – 1939 hrs**

Scottish Cultural Centre, 8886 Hudson Street, Vancouver

**"In the Wake of the Vikings from Norway to Turkey".**

Anne Brevig and Martin Vennesland return with more adventures from their 9-year, 56,000 nautical mile 'round-the-world odyssey on their 40' Gib Sea *Nor Siglar*. They will take us on their unforgettable journey from the Land of the Midnight Sun, ending in the exotic Realm of Sultans and 1001 Nights.

### Vancouver Island Club Night

**Tuesday, October 19, 2004**

Sidney – North Saanich Yacht Club

Doors Open 1900 HRS – Talk begins 1930 HRS

**TBA: [www.bluewatercruising.org](http://www.bluewatercruising.org)**

### Calgary Club Night

**Tuesday, October 5, 2004 1900 hrs**

HMCS Tecumseh 1820 24th Street SW Calgary T2T 0G6

Please enter Tecumseh from 24th Street SW

### The Challenge of Swiftsure

Lorne Webber has raced his 40 foot C & C *Prairie Princess* in the Swiftsure International Yacht Race for a number of years. SIYR is 100 miles in length out around the Swiftsure Lightship at the entrance to Juan de Fuca Strait. SIYR can be rugged and exacting or a boring 'Driftsure' and is the premier long-distance sailing race in the Pacific Northwest.

### PLEASE NOTE

CHANGE OF VENUE AND MEETING DATES





# Top Currents

By Guylain Roy-Machabee,  
Commodore

For the past week or so, as I was preparing for this first article, I struggled, searching for the right words, the right theme, not quite sure how I should start this. I was looking forward to taking the helm next January, taking comfort in the knowledge that Lex and the Watch would be there to guide and counsel. What should have been a joyful and planned transition is now a very sudden and emotional one.

Lex was second to none. He brought energy to BCA and a unique way of resolving challenges in a friendly and respectful manner, always with a smile. He also firmly believed in the value and strength of BCA, through the diversity, dreams and experiences of its membership. But he also saw the need for BCA to adapt, face the changing character of offshore cruising, and add even more value so that “doers”, and especially “donors” continue to remain involved with the organization.

I’m told BCA has never lost an active watchkeeper. The Watch asked that I step into the Commodore role early, confident this is the way Lex would want us to look forward. I agreed and experienced first hand that the

BCA spirit of sharing experience and knowledge is not limited to cruising. Thus, I’m grateful for the immediate offer of assistance from several Past Commodores, and especially to Perry, who accepted to remain the active Past Commodore for next year.

And I’ll need your help. The Watch is undergoing more changes at the end of this year, and will need volunteers to help as Vice Commodore, Secretary and Membership, among others. I want to ensure there is plenty of time for transition. If you are interested or curious about volunteering, don’t hesitate to contact me. This is a fabulous group and a truly rewarding experience.

It’s 6:30 am and I’m at Jericho beach. When in town, I like to come here, relax and clear my thoughts. But this morning, this does not come from watching sailboats head out under drizzling, heavy overcast skies. It actually comes from Lex, as I reread several earlier Top Currents, particularly his last one. I feel like he’s here, smiling, reminding me, reminding us, to simply seize the moment.

Thanks Lex. You are missed.

## BCA 2004

### Thetis Thanksgiving Rendezvous

#### Telegraph Harbour, Thetis Island Marina/Pub

Saturday, Oct 9, 2004 - Monday, Oct 11, 2004

Presented by: BCA Calgary Chapter

Host Boat is *Tula* Skipper Peter Simpson

**Tradition:** Keg of High Quality Beer

Dock assignments (docks B,C or D at discounted 0.75 per foot) on VHF Channel 66A/or at gas dock as you approach marina

Check in with *Tula* on arrival on VHF Channel 72 Saturday

#### Saturday 5pm

Keg at the Pub

#### Roll-call Sunday at 9am

on VHF Channel 72 Low Power

#### Sunday 10am

Coffee supplied with BCA muffins bring own mug

#### Sunday 2pm - 5pm

Silly nautical games in party room

#### Sunday 5pm

No host bar/keg remains at pub party room and potluck at 6pm

#### Sunday 6pm

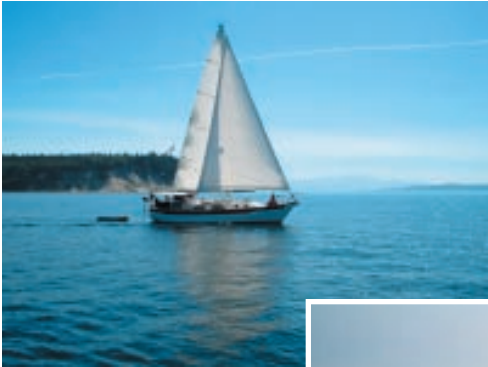
Thanksgiving Dinner in pub party room optional \$14.95

#### Monday 9am

Farewells and safe journey home



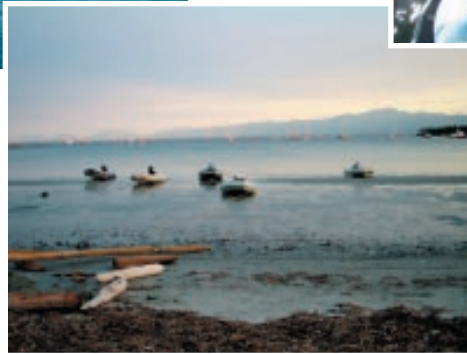
# BCA Race Week Mark III



*Cuisine starts cookin'!*



*The Dinghy Boys  
Peter and Richard*



*Tribune Bay Parking, Hornby Island*



*Brigand II steals the wind...*

## The participants were:

*Tula (host boat)* ... Peter, Monica,  
Richard and Virginia  
*Brigand II* ..... Robert and Debbie  
*Cuisine* ..... Ed, Janice,  
Ralph and Karen  
*Mayknot* ..... Cam & Marianne  
*Polaris A* ..... Willy and Catherine  
*Sea Elf* ..... Bob  
*Startracker* ..... John

like, Secret Cove, Buccaneer Bay, Boho Bay, Tribune Bay and Protection Island. Exploring, swimming, fishing and hiking, to places like, Jedediah Island, with those famous Willy sheep, pardon me, woolly sheep! Evenings spent star gazing, playing games and sing songs with crazy little tunes like, “*TULA!*” (I’m still singing that one in the shower??)

Once again, our “BCA Race Week,” has come and gone, leaving us who participated, with a longing for more hot, sunny, windy days to be shared with friends, old and new.

Memories of greetings, grub, and charts to review, at our favorite Dinghy Dock Pub, topped off with fireworks to end the evening and the beginning of our week adventure. Then excellent sun, fun and sailing, to destinations

Some serious racing, well, sort of, for those who made it to starting times, instead of lounging at Lex’s mooring pin—we won’t mention vessel names, but it looks like *Rosebud!* And those who were “Tulate,” to decide the correct heading, and looked a bit confused on their first attempt at setting sails, while *Polaris A*, left us to follow her stardust, with a tempting *Cuisine*, hot in pursuit.

There were also sightings of a wondering *Sea Elf*, who disappeared into the horizon and showed up on cue! Who knows, a *Startracker* may have guided him.

By far, our most memorable time of day, included happy hour and plenty of great food, as contributed by all vessels, and shared together over laughter, wasps and tales, old and new! Thank you to our best, “boat fluff,” Virginia, who valiantly stood by her role and the success of our food venues.

And is “VMG,” an effective race strategy? Maybe, or *Mayknot*. You may just have to participate in next years Race Week to find out!! Hoping to see you there.

Debbie Gagnon,  
*Brigand II*



# On the Rock

## Vancouver Island Chapter

Summer has unfortunately come to an end. We had a wonderful Summer – sailing around Vancouver Island. We took kayaks with us and spent extra time in the Broughton Group, Bunsby Islands, Clayquot Sound and the Broken Group kayaking from the mother ship. That trip has given us a new appreciation of and respect for the native culture that one encounters along the BC coast. A visit to the native cultural centre in Alert Bay was a highlight of the trip.

Upon our return we were saddened by the news that Lex's condition was deteriorating. The news got worse and my spirits sank when I received a phone call advising of Lex's death. I am not sure what the "Grand Master" has in mind for Lex in the future. It must be an important role for him to have called upon someone as young as Lex. Whether Lex is looking down on us from above or is seconded to assist King Neptune, I trust that, in his new role, Lex will look out for Bluewater sailors.

Lex gave a lot of his time and effort to Bluewater and it is a stronger organization as a result.

I will be meeting shortly with Bluewater members who have expressed an interest in assisting me with the Vancouver Island group. Ian and Susan Grant have agreed to do the fleet group for 2005. Ian and Susan have a great deal of experience having sailed *Rebel X* to Mexico, Panama, Florida, Bermuda, The Azores, Ireland and finally to Scotland. Paul Hunt and Judy Barefoot will assist me with speakers and will attend some of the Vancouver watch meetings so that we will hopefully be able to have a V.I. representative at all Vancouver meetings. Chris Stask will coordinate education and Jacquie Kidd will once again act as our Treasurer. A core group therefore is in place, however, I would look forward to other V.I. members coming forward to help on the Watch so that we have someone to take over the Watch in the future. If you are interested please contact me at (250)656-0981.

The meetings are once again scheduled for the third Tuesday of each month at the Sidney North Saanich Yacht Club. Doors open at 7:00 p.m. and the speaker begins at 7:30 p.m. The October meeting will be October 19, 2004, however the November meeting will be **Tuesday November 23, 2004**. Please note that change of date, as Sidney North Saanich are having their Annual General Meeting on November 16th and so we will have to meet the following Tuesday. The December meeting will be December 21, 2004 and will be a social. I also hope to have someone come and give a presentation on the do's and don'ts of making your own wine – a topic no doubt that will be of interest to Bluewater cruisers.

I look forward to getting together with Bluewater members at the meetings and hopefully can present a programme of speakers who will be interesting and educational.

Bryan Scott-Moncrieff  
Vice Commodore, Vancouver Island

# Calendar of Events



## OCTOBER

- 2-3** BURP On The Water
- 5** Watch Meeting Vancouver
- 6** Club Night Calgary
- 9, 10, 11** Thetis Island Rendezvous
- 12** Club Night Vancouver
- 19** Club Night  
Vancouver Island
- 25 & 28** Education Vancouver
- 26** Fleet Vancouver

## NOVEMBER

- 2** Club Night Calgary
- 2** Watch Meeting Vancouver
- 4, 6, 13 & 18**  
Education Vancouver
- 9** Club Night Vancouver
- 23** Club Night  
Vancouver Island\*

\*Note Date Change\*



*Fostering seamanship  
& friendship for  
people with an active  
interest in offshore  
cruising*

# Fleets of Bluewater

## Cruising Association

### The Mainland Fleet of 2005 is underway!

The first meeting of the Fleet of 2005 was held on Tuesday, September 28 at the Scottish Cultural Centre. We started by introducing ourselves – giving others some idea of our past cruising experiences and our hopes for future adventures. Then, having heard about the different committees that would shape the program for the year, individuals indicated the ones they would like to serve on.

Our BCA radio expert, Ron Kolody spoke to us about the ham and general radio operating courses that he would be presenting. We were encouraged to get started right away with radio installation as well as the courses.

The main part of the night's program was a presentation by Fleet 2003 members, Russ Spencer and Shirley Higginson of *Wandering Star I*. They gave us a real feeling for the good times and the rough times – just perfect for whetting our appetites for offshore adventure.

The next meeting will be on Tuesday, October 26 at 1900 hours in the Scottish Cultural Centre. The main monthly meetings are on the fourth Tuesdays of the month. Once the program committee has set the agenda for the year, in order to cover all the essential topics, there will be extra meetings from time to time – either evenings or weekends.

If you are planning to go offshore next summer or soon thereafter, you are welcome to join the Fleet. The fee is \$40 per boat. All crew are welcome to attend.

By Cam McLean

*In this season's Currents we will feature a Fleet of 2004 profile each month. We have 7 profiles in the bank – that's how many were submitted. We don't have a profile for the Kallberg's, but they are the first of this year's leavers that we have heard from, and Cheryl has lots of ideas to make your early cruising days a little easier. It was only a few weeks ago that we were on Newcastle Island bidding them farewell....*

### Thoughts About Cruising

I'd always heard "you're never ready", but didn't think it would be me... it's correct you're never ready. We still have the V berth piled with plywood, extra handholds, magazine articles to file, metal toe-rail protectors etc. If our son, Jeff, had not been watching the weather for us, and giving us a push, we might still be in Sydney, completing boat jobs, rather than writing to you from Eureka California. It's been said before, but here it is again... **do what is necessary for your safety and minimal comfort, and then untie.** You will be doing jobs while you travel, anyway.

We planned to harbour hop but, at our first stop, La Push, the coast guard were not encouraging us to come in and said, "If we'd never been in before, we might want to reconsider in all the fog". So, if you plan to harbour hop, be prepared to continue on if the weather doesn't permit entry. We have had a very calm trip down with the majority of the time in flat seas that we have never even seen in Georgia Strait. The worst part of the journey was the overnight trip, from Friday Harbour to Neah Bay. We were told overnight would be easiest and, while that is probably true, it wasn't a fun night. On the up side,

### Fortuitous

ISLANDER FREEPORT

41 KETCH

Ralph and Cheryl Kallberg

August 21, 2004

Eureka

if you've never done a night passage, it is a good training ground. Ralph and I stayed up, together, most of the night. Ralph had already done night passages, but I hadn't, so we spent the time looking at the radar and GPS, together. **Not very romantic, but necessary.** It was very foggy so we had to rely on the instruments. This was pretty hairy, but also something that needed to happen sometime. It was nice to have had that experience under our belts before we ran into the Oregon and California tuna fleets, at night, and in the fog. Once I felt a bit more secure using the instruments, we took turns napping. The good part about doing it this way is that, in Neah Bay, you can go to sleep when you arrive, and spend a day or so regrouping and discussing before you head around the Cape and out.

I was amazed how difficult it is to hand-steer in the swells. I have not been offshore before and hadn't experienced the "real" ocean. I wouldn't leave home without some kind of self-steering. We have both an electric autopilot and steering vane. Since we left Friday Harbour, 9 days ago, we have only sailed 8 hours, the rest we have motored and used the autopilot. It would have been painful to have to steer the whole way since, some of the time; we've had a mixed swell condition.



If you don't have an enclosure for your cockpit, consider getting one. We got ours last summer and wondered why we had waited so long. Then, it just added another room to the boat, but it is very warm when it is blowing outside. It is an expensive endeavour but, in our minds, worth every penny. Even though the trip down has been damp, cold, and foggy, we have been relatively comfortable. We've watched others, in their slickers and cold weather gear, but we're in sweatshirts or less, except overnight. We've had a little breaking water, on the deck and spray onto the dodger that surely would have come into the cockpit, but we were well protected.

I had read, somewhere, to buy a very large, stainless thermos to keep full of hot water, for snacks and drinks for night passages. I had trouble finding it, but Margo Reid found one in 3 Vets. It costs about \$100, but has been worth its weight in gold. This thermos, made by Nissan, has no glass, all stainless, and is very large. Before our first night passage, up Juan de Fuca, I filled it up with boiling water, and we used it all through the night to make instant coffee, cup o' soups, tea, hot chocolate etc. I put in one of my galley sinks, and stuff a big beach towel around it to stop it from sliding, and it also helps keep everything hot. It keeps the water hot for at least 24 hours. The tricky part was refilling it when the seas are rough. I would strongly recommend purchasing one of these for day or night passages.

I have a shelf, in one cupboard, where I have been keeping passage snacks and quick eating. In there, I have crackers, trail mix (Costco), granola bars (Costco), cup o' soups (we found Won Ton soup, in Friday harbour, and really liked that type, particularly. I don't know if they have it in Canada), dried fruit, canned peaches. I also kept instant coffee and tea close at hand. If it's rough, you really don't feel like digging around for something to eat. Another wise idea is pull-top chunky soup, for passages. It's much easier than trying to use a can opener.

Get Stugeron, for seasickness. I also have the electronic sea band but don't find it does much for me, although a friend swears by it.

Scout guard is an amazing product, even when it is rough. I have a couple of pieces that I use, on the counter top, and move from place to place to put the canned soup or mugs on, while I'm juggling what ever it is I'm trying to do. I really didn't think it would work that well. It also works to stop things from sliding on the deck. We have one under our dinghy gas can. It is tied on, but still was sliding.

Get some fleece pants; they are much warmer and more comfortable than sweats or jeans. They were available from Costco. Also, a warm hat, for night passages, is a great idea too. You lose most of your body heat through your head.

Buy the green "Everfresh" bags for fruits, veggies, etc. I would buy the small and medium size because the large is very large. Can be used in the fridge, or outside.



# PASSAGES

## Commodore Lex Peterson

It is with great sadness that I write Passages this month. Our respected, admired, and beloved Commodore Lex Peterson died of cancer on August 30, 2004, just a few weeks short of his 47th birthday.

"It's good to be on the water" was part of the Lex lexicon. A member of the Vancouver Rowing Club, Lex's Coast 34 *Rosebud* made its debut on the local racing scene last winter in the Battleship Division of the VRC Polar Bear Series. *Rosebud*, Skipper, and crew enjoyed only one fabulous victory and one heartbreaking DFL in the entire series, but their enthusiasm never waned.

Lex has been a member of Bluewater for 6 years, and served as an enthusiastic volunteer right from the beginning. In the early years, he was responsible for "On the Water" events: Rendezvous and BURPS. BCA's Race Week, a chameleon-ruled, fun-filled event, was borne of Lex's belief in participation, skill development, bribery and a healthy dose of silliness. In years to come, BCA will honor Lex by awarding the **Rosebud Cup** to the "winner" of Race Week. Lex has been remembered and honored through a "Celebration of Life" at the Vancouver Rowing Club, a tribute at BCA's September Club Night, and a celebration at Calgary's Olympic Park.

Wind and speed were two of the elements that got Lex "jazzed". His love of hang gliding brought him from New Zealand to Calgary in the 80's. Calgary's poor winter hang-gliding conditions made him look to bobsleigh for thrill and challenge. Never one to do things by half, Lex soon made a name for himself. He was the president of the New Zealand Bobsleigh and Skeleton Association, which he founded in February 1987 as one of a half-dozen expatriate Kiwis living in Calgary with an Olympic dream. Twelve months later Lex was piloting the No. 1 New Zealand two-man sled and the four-man sled at the 1988 Calgary Olympic Winter Games. He finished 20th in the two-man event, well out of the medals but still picking up the "Caribbean Cup" as the best of the nine small, relatively warm, nations with no bobsleigh track.

Lex was in his second term as Commodore of Bluewater Cruising Association, and was unstinting in his enthusiasm and support for the "dreamers, doers, and doners" of offshore cruising. His encouragement was not confined to sailing endeavours; he wished that everyone could enjoy an abundant life. His final powerful words in last month's Top Currents will stay with us forever.

"Live Your Life Today"

## Eureka... (cont'd)

Have a couple of plastic wine glasses and plastic plates, for pot lucks ashore, if you have glass on board. Also, a small soft or hard sided cooler is also handy for this purpose.

Make sure you have lots of handholds. Think through where you would need them to move about the boat safely. I would recommend one in the head; going there when it is rough is a REAL experience!!

If you have any difficulty tying up, after docking, we'd recommend a mid-ship cleat, on the boat, and a line attached there. We've just started using this system and find it much easier than one person getting off with the bowline and trying to get control, while waiting for the other to leap off with the stern line. I get off, with the mid-ship line and secure the boat. The boat can't really go anywhere because it is secured at the pivot point. Then, I take the bowline, and Ralph is usually ready, by then to take the stern.

Make bug screens for your ports and doorway. We haven't had too much of a problem with mosquitoes, but flies are a nuisance.

I have a pressure cooker on board. I've read, "if you haven't used it before, you won't use it on board". However, I disagree. I never owned one until shortly before I left. Another cruiser recommended it to me, so I went for it. I tried it out at home, first, and liked it. I've already used it since leaving Vancouver. You can actually adapt many of your favourite recipes and cook them with the pressure cooker. Where it takes an hour for spareribs, you can have them finished in 12 minutes. Time and propane saved!

We cannot say enough good things about the Americans we have met, so far. Every person at every dock, every Coast Guard officer has been extremely friendly and helpful.

Lastly, we also cannot say enough good things about BCA. We have met many tremendous people at both the fleet and general meetings. All the info, from the fleet meetings as well as the general meetings, has been very valuable. We are really enjoying our trip, so far, but much of the credit goes to BCA. We were taught enough about weather, harbour hopping, outfitting our boat, etc., to help make this a successful beginning to our travels.



# Feature The Eco-Sailor

## Buying Green Underway and Other Environmental Challenges!!

## Lets talk trash!

In the month before leaving Canada for our extended cruise to Mexico and the South Pacific, we loaded yummy, environmentally and ethically sound food into our 35-foot ketch, *Epic V*. We chose products that had minimal packaging and where possible removed the packaging. After cruising from Gabriola Island to Port Angeles we left the Strait of Juan de Fuca for our big first stretch, ten days at sea, with no instant food on board except organic bouillon cubes. Every meal required as a minimum preparation, chopping, mixing, stirring and cooking. Thankfully Mike and our wonderful crew Heather did not succumb to sea sickness and were able to keep us all fed although we were beginning to hope we never saw another cup of chicken broth.

At our next big provisioning point, San Diego, I surveyed our mound of groceries on the supermarket conveyor belt. How things had changed as we had made our way down the coast of the USA. Food which would never cross our table in Canada, was present in abundance. Instant meals, snacks,

*Epic V*  
YANKEE CLIPPER 36 KETCH

E.J. Hurst and  
Mike Richards

over-packaged sweet treats, factory-farmed chicken in foil packages and even canned hot dogs! Environmental consciousness had given way to the need for food that not only would keep without refrigeration but could be prepared in five minutes or less, head down in a heaving galley.

I looked at Mike, this was not the intention or insight we had anticipated in coming cruising. We were to get in tune with the rhythms of the natural world, be at one with the ebb and flow of the ocean, the whirling of the stars and the passages of the sun and moon overhead. Instead, here I was setting aside my dearly held environmental purchasing code of ethics for a locker full of instant noodles (organic at least), and over-packaged granola bars!

What had happened? Heaven forbid, over-packaged goods are ideally suited to the cruising lifestyle. They are cheap, small portions can be used in one meal, and packages are designed to travel well and prevent spoilage. But it wasn't always this way. Read any of the legendary cruising "how to" books on provisioning: *Care and Feeding of the Sailing Crew* by Lin and Larry Pardey, *Voyaging on a Small Income* by Annie Hill, *The Cruisers Cookbook* a compilation of cruisers recipes. They all advocate bulk

purchases and long-term storage of unprocessed goods. So what's the secret?

Experience seems to play a big part. Most long-term cruisers were pretty good at it. We got better as we went along. Home canning, which we discovered after being given a 22 lb turkey at American Thanksgiving, now allows us to make our own instant meals of healthy, un-processed food. Dedication to problem solving and creativity is a must for re-establishing a pattern of environmental consciousness in a new setting. We found this very demanding when everything else in our life was changing at the same time. Look to other cruisers for advice but don't be discouraged if at first you don't find environmentally conscious practices. Most cruisers may be motivated by a cheap price tag and convenience rather than environmental integrity of purchases, but many are beginning to think hard about how to be green at sea.

Given that modern cruising seems to lend itself to garbage intensive, over-packaged food - what about garbage? Customary cruising wisdom has it that you should sink your glass and tin in deep water, jettison compostables and burn paper, perhaps even plastic. A newer generation of cruisers is questioning this approach as perhaps not being in the best interest of coastal environments or communities.

We dutifully persisted in sorting our garbage. Food scraps went into the compost bucket, now renamed the overboard bucket, for disposal well outside harbour limits and anchorages. Paper only was saved for starting beach fires when it was appropriate to have them. All other garbage and recycling was washed (in salt water if necessary) and stored on board. Washing garbage and recycling stops it from smelling so it can be stored anywhere in the boat rather than relegated to the furthestmost corners.

We learned to chop compost into small pieces after we experienced the shaming site of little halves of grapefruit skin bobbing along in our wake like a flotilla of yellow bathtub boats. Chopping it up also helps being consumed or broken down more quickly.

After seven days at sea out from San Diego we arrived at Puerto Magdalena, a small isolated fishing village in beautiful Bahia Magdalena on the West coast of the Baja Peninsula. The cruisers who had arrived before us told us the port captain would collect garbage from your boat for a fee of one dollar a bag. We had one small bag of garbage. Before engaging this service, we wanted to see how garbage was handled on shore. It didn't take long, at sunrise the next morning the hills downwind from the town glittered with an amazing mosaic of plastic bags. A walk through the village showed us that each home had a small garbage pit behind it, which, once full, was covered with dirt. We refused to leave our garbage in a place with no proper garbage service.

This did cause us a bit of a philosophical conundrum. Garbage collection is obviously an income earner for some



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## Eco-Sailor... (cont'd)

of the local community. Should we even contribute to the garbage to hasten awareness of the problem? In the end, we decided that the problem for local residents was big enough to raise awareness without being compounded by visiting cruisers.

At our next major city, La Paz, our dedication to recycling was rewarded by some local fund-raising efforts. Not a moment too soon, our half metre square recycling locker no longer shut, the dingy overflowed with bags and Mike sat woefully in a pile of empty beer cans. We had been really surprised by the lack of recycling facilities available to cruisers in Southern California too. Although I didn't manage to visit the local landfill in La Paz, I was told it was a typical open pit landfill. A number of families lived nearby who lived by off scavenging the dump.

Throughout the Sea of Cortez, we persisted with this system of keeping all garbage on board. At one point we did try throwing cans overboard on the logic that they would rapidly be corroded in the salt water. Somehow, it just didn't seem right to see our garbage floating away through the pristine turquoise waters of this most magnificent sea. After seven weeks, we had nine shopping bags full of non-recyclable garbage and plenty of recyclables!

Again, when we reached our desti-

nation at San Carlos, Sonora, there was a fledgling recycling programme. The state environmental protection department had provided information posters and a bin at the port. Unfortunately, the recycle bin was not prominently displayed and was full of garbage.

The intent is there and it will take an effort on behalf of all cruisers to educate themselves and others about the alternatives to dumping garbage either in isolated communities or overboard.

## Now let's talk some s....ewage!

Since we really like swimming when at anchor and we have a six year old who loves being in the water, we are always interested to know about sewage management on board. In Canada and the USA there are restrictions on sewage discharge from cruising boats and in several places in the US it was enforced. Of course many more pumpout stations are available in the States but even where they are not available sewage should not be discharged in enclosed harbours and anchorages.

We were surprised at the number of cruisers who didn't use their holding tanks while at anchor or at the dock especially in Mexico. Nor did they use shore facilities. Some boats did not even have holding tanks. We never did

figure out why it was okay for some boats to dump in Mexico anchorages but not in Canada and the US.

We unwittingly surprised several folks by leaving port to dump our tank when the pump-out station in La Paz was broken down. That said, as with garbage and other environmental boating issues, many cruisers are aware of the impact of their sewage and are managing it responsibly.

## Other Stuff.

Spillage while fuelling is still a problem all over the world, but guess where we saw the most care being taken? Marina Palmira, La Paz! The operation there totally enclosed fuelling boats with a boom and put fuel absorbent towels under the vents and filler pipe.

Bottom scrubbing was another issue there and at most marinas in the Sea of Cortez. With rapid marine growth in the warmer water scrubbing is necessary periodically. Many times in La Paz and San Carlos we witnessed billowing clouds of red water as divers scrubbed hulls. Many owners are using ablative paint on their boats, which scrubs off too easily and some are happily using tin-based paints that are still available in parts of Mexico. All this adds up to a deadly concentration of toxins being deposited into the waters of Mexican marinas. A better alternative is to use hard, less toxic paint if you can get a hold of it and enjoy lightly scrubbing your hull a little more often.

Environmentalism anywhere relies heavily on community support. Larger scale municipal systems are important but it also depends on building a personal community. Cruising has really shown us that it takes time in a place, building relationships, finding products, exploring options, and meeting like-minded people to live a truly environmentally sustainable lifestyle. Many thanks to those cruisers and other friends who are helping us learn to live more lightly on the sea.



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# Feature Rounding The Horn

## *No Komis*

FRASER 41 SLOOP

Terry Wolfe-Milner

June 2004

Chile

There has been a complete lack of information about “what, where, wither, when” from *No Komis* since I last submitted a letter to Bluewater Cruising from Costa Rica. Cruising seems to bring out the best in a procrastinator!

I'll encapsulate the route from Costa Rica to the current location in Puerto Montt, Chile, the starting point for cruising the channels and huge archipelago of islands stretching down to Cape Horn. We spent about nine months in Costa Rica and the same time in Panama, mostly in the Gulf Island-like islands on the northwest Pacific coast. From there we routed (to windward all the way of course) from the Las Perlas Islands in the Gulf of Panama to Isla Del Coco, a Costa Rican island roughly half-way to the Galapagos, and then to Galapagos where we visited three of the main islands. The next leg was a four day close reach to Salinas, Ecuador where the boat was hauled and the bottom redone over a period of nearly a year. I single-handed 2600 nm over the ground (to windward again of course) to Arica on the Chilean border with Peru. The distance of a coastal route, most of which would have been under power, would have been only 1320 nm but would have required refuelling in Callao, Peru which has been a problem area for cruisers that have made that stop.

Barbara rejoined in Iquique, close south of Arica, and after some land exploration to the Atacama desert and Altiplano high country (where we camped at 4300 metres), we headed south in early April 2003. After 1500 nm of coastal cruising we arrived in Puerto Montt at the northern end of the Chilean channels at the end of May, a couple of weeks before Barbara's ticket back to Kelowna. By a bit of good luck, I was asked to do some flight safety audits on some air carriers – in Canada! So we both left here in mid-June, Barbara in the back of the bus on a long round-

about route to Kelowna and me in the front of another bus almost direct to Saskatoon. I know it wasn't fair but who was I to turn down a prepaid ticket.

After the audits were completed, we spent some time on Salt Spring with my brothers and families before returning to Kelowna. The forest fires had already started near Blue River in B.C. but I left to return to Puerto Montt before the terrible fires affected Kelowna. Barbara was ready to evacuate with her car packed but the evacuation area didn't get any closer than five blocks.

I came back at the end of July, with climate shock coming from 35 degrees to 5 degrees and a lot of rain, to continue doing the boat jobs that never end. Barbara returned in late October and we departed for points south on 28 November for what we hoped was a quick passage (dreams!) to Puerto Williams, the southernmost town in the world and the

jumping-off port for Cape Horn. We had talked to every cruiser who had come north through the channels to get advice and recommendations for the vast archipelago of islands along the 1250 nm route. We also provisioned for 60 days as there are only two villages on the most direct route at which some basic provisions would (may) be available. Surprisingly the beer stock lasted the trip though on a few of the many wet and windy days my Aussie Special Tea learned about when I was flying in the Outback (strong tea, milk, brown sugar and a liberal dose of rum) replaced the post-anchoring beer.

The trip south was memorable for many reasons, the primary one being that there was rain on 47 of the 49 day passage! It didn't rain all day but there was rain every day, usually when we were anchoring to ensure we got wet at



*No Komis Rounds Cape Horn*

## Rounding the Horn... (cont'd)

the end of the day's passage. After the 40th day, I renamed the boat "Noah Komis" on the morning net which brought hoots of laughter and threats to prevent us from continuing to the south where the weather was sunny and warm. Thank heaven for the Dickinson Antarctic diesel heater which warmed our bodies and at least partially dried out our clothes before donning them the following morning. An unfortunate side effect of the rain was the frequent low ceiling and poor visibility which often blocked the rugged scenery from view. In addition to the rain, there was quite a bit of wind and we lost 19 days due to weather when we looked at the low clouds scudding along the channels, felt the horizontal rain, checked the temperature which was usually between 6 and 10 degrees Celsius and decided to stay put. There were a lot of anchorages,



*4 Lines, 2 anchors, 60 Knots  
Puerto Francisco*

many of which were little notches where we dropped the hook and tied off to trees or secure bushes with up to four 100 m poly lines. The object of the exercise was to pull the boat in under high ground and/or trees to get protection from the wind. In one memorable anchorage, we experienced 60 knots at the masthead (over

70 later that night) but apart from getting heeled over from the gusts hitting the top of the mast and getting a coating of leaves in the cockpit, we were safe and comfortable and only had gusts of 15 to 25 knots at deck level. We were stuck there for five days. Fortunately on the trip south we had primarily northwest winds that funnelled down the channels and we often made good progress running with a scrap of jib at 8 knots before 45 knots of tail wind.

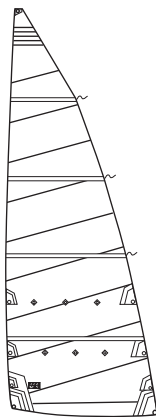
We had filed for Ushuaia, Argentina and were quite glad to get there to replenish provisions, fuel and water and attend to laundry and internet obligations. Although I tried to connect to Sailmail on the way south, I was mostly unsuccessful; the new Valdivia station just north of Puerto Montt wasn't working and Panama was just too far away though I did get one connection.

We spent ten days there and then

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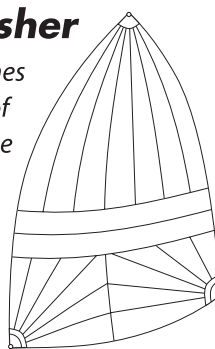
### The Batmain

The Batmain is a fully-battened mainsail that lasts longer than a conventional main. When combined with the Lazy Cradle or Dutchman system, release the halyard and the sail flakes itself.



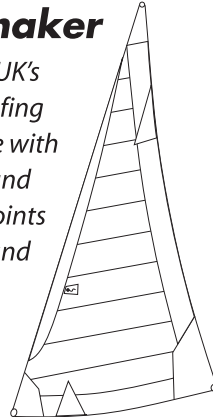
### The UK Flasher

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sailed 35 nm east along the Beagle Channel to Puerto Williams in Chilean territory. We caught up with *T Tauri Wind*, another Salt Spring boat, and some other boats we knew from Puerto Montt or the Patagonia Cruisers' Net, the morning SSB net. The weather had improved considerably and there were even a couple of days of shorts and tee-shirts when the temperature hit 30C. However, the winds still were a threat and were forecast to be 60-80 knots one day in the Beagle – in bright sunshine!

We had become good friends with *Amole*, a British registered boat, in Puerto Montt and caught up with them in Puerto Williams. The four of us decided to do the Cape Horn trip in company so we could get photographic proof of our rounding (and also justify the earring in my left ear). We departed Puerto Williams at 0530 on 28 January 2004 and reached a good anchorage in the Wollaston Islands (on one of which is Cape Horn) twelve and a half hours later. The next day we started off at 1000 in 20 kts of westerly wind that gradually built to 35 kts, which gave us a southbound reach and then a downwind run past the Cape at 1325. Neither of us wanted to leave the boats at anchor in the lee of the Cape so *Amole* launched her dinghy and Leila and Barbara went ashore for a couple of hours while Clive and I sat in a holding pattern. We departed to the north and had a fairly lumpy beat across the shallow Bahia Nassau to arrive at Puerto Toro on Isla Navarino at midnight. We stayed there the following day due to strong forecast winds but still had a couple of hours with 40 kts on the nose when we returned to Puerto Williams. As it turned out, we had enjoyed a good weather window for Cape Horn as another boat a day behind us was stuck in the Wollaston islands for several days because the wind at the Horn was 88 kts and finally returned to Puerto Williams to try again later.

The trip back to Puerto Montt commenced on 17 February and we "fast tracked" because of Barbara's flight home on 1 April. We did have less rain but the winds were on the nose nearly all the way, frequently hitting 40 kts, and northbound there were 220 engine hours compared to 146 hours southbound. Fortunately we weren't held up by weather to cross the infamous Golfo de Penas, 170 nm of shallow water open to the Pacific, but the earlier southbound crossing had been rather uncomfortable (particularly for Barbara) with 35 kt northwesterlies over southwest swells, rain and poor visibility. We were lucky to meet up with *Koenig*, friends we made in Ecuador, in Puerto Eden

who had changed their plans to do Cape Horn and were instead cruising some of the southern channels before returning to Puerto Montt in May and then moving back to Oregon where they will be building a house.

We arrived at Puerto Montt on 22 March and visited one of the net controllers in the beautiful Lake District for a couple of days before Barbara headed back to Kelowna. Since then I've been doing the inevitable maintenance jobs, cleaning the fuel tanks to remove the rust and sludge acquired from dirty drum fuel in Puerto Eden, getting a new bimini made for the tropics and so on and so on. The six year old bimini has held up remarkably well, particularly in the high wind conditions of the south, but it wouldn't last much longer back in tropical climes.

The rough plan is to leave here by the end of June for Gambier in the Tuamotus and then on to the Marquesas, with Barbara rejoining somewhere in that area. Rather than rushing through to Oz or NZ, I'm considering going north out of the cyclone zone for the danger season and then returning south later so we can enjoy the rest of the Pacific islands at a more leisurely pace. It will be difficult to leave this wonderful and varied country and the friends made during the last fifteen months but it is time to move on.

I hope the attached photos don't overload your email system but I did want to prove we had made the Horn at last. I'm sure there have been other BCA boats that have rounded the Horn but perhaps they weren't lucky enough to have another boat in company to take photographs.

Best wishes to all the Ds, Ds and Ds.  
Terry Wolfe-Milner



*The Southern Ocean, Beagle Channel*

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# Postcards from Offshore



## Blue Heron II

NAUTILUS 40 SLOOP

Dennis and  
Sandra Faye Nagy  
August 10, 2004

Hello Everyone,

We have spent one whole month in Papeete and are in danger of turning into a French Baguette if we don't raise the anchor and move on! Seriously, we've had a very good time, but are now keen to explore first Moorea & Bora Bora, then on to the Cook Islands and Tonga.

We have updated the website and photo albums.

Please check out: [www.svblueheron2000.com](http://www.svblueheron2000.com) for our latest travels (including Easter Island) with a link to the Photo Albums at the bottom of the Index Page and each Travel Article.

Cheers, Dennis & Sandra  
- the "Wandering Willoughbys"

Dennis and  
Sandra Faye Nagy  
August 18, 2004  
Enroute Raiatea

Hello Everyone,

We finished up our stay in Moorea by feeding the Rays - yes! in the water, surrounded by these large, gentle, velvet-skinned 'fish'. We had chopped up some fish and held it on our hand from which they fed. Up on our chest, two huge eyes looking at you, down between our legs, around and around they floated keen for nibbles. I may not have been the most relaxed, that very long tail with the nasty spike following everywhere they went kept me nervous, but it was a very special experience. Photos to follow in the On-Line Albums.

Now we are headed for Raiatea - 97 miles overnight trip - and should be there tomorrow morning around 10am. Raiatea is the island from where it is reputed the other Pacific Island people, incl. Hawaii, Cooks, NZ, started their migrations. We hope to visit the ancient Marae.

We'll spend a few days on Raitea/Tahaa Islands before heading for Bora-Bora.

Cheers, Dennis & Sandra

## Tsonoqua II

MAPLE LEAF 48 CUTTER

Norm and Pat MacKenzie  
August 23, 2004  
Vanuatu

We continue on our eighth year of cruising having sailed this season from Savusavu, Fiji to Port Vila, Vanuatu. This has been a wet year in this part of the Pacific with very changeable weather patterns. A week ago a 32 ft American boat arrived after suffering a knockdown. All is well but certainly re-arranged and wet. We lost three quarters of our rudder on the crossing and have been sitting in the jungle working at a boatyard rebuilding the appendage. Labor is cheap but the new stainless plate had to come from New Zealand at a cost of \$850.00! Unlike Vancouver, the weather hovers around 22-25C day and night with some nights being rather cool.

Port Vila has lots of amenities but once you leave here you are in fairly tribal areas with mostly yachties as backup. The SSB is a very essential part of communication in this part of the world. Our sailmail is a blessing. It costs \$.20 per minute ashore and the service is slow. The GSM mobile (cell) phone is becoming more prevalent as the third world looks to wireless for important local communication. We are looking forward to attending club night probably in October or November and would be willing to share information with anyone contemplating offshore sailing.

## Windrunner II

ROBERTS SPRAY 40 KETCH

Stephen, Lee and Kyra  
Hindrichs

August 26th, 2004

Well, we are finally on our way again. At the crack of dawn tomorrow we head for Savaii, the other island in Samoa. We plan to spend a few days there then on to Tonga for up to 2 months before heading to New Zealand.

It was a bit of an ordeal getting fuel here, hence the delay. Hopefully the winds will be favourable and we won't need any fuel! The harbour is filling up with over 30 cruising boats, so it will be good to get going and hopefully stay ahead of the "Pack" for a while longer. We might not be able to get internet connection again for a while, possibly not till New Zealand, so until then...

Love from the Windrunners



## Matarua

CHEOY LEE 41 SLOOP

**Peter and Joyce  
Shackleton**

August 11th, 2004

trying to speak Spanish and French it is a joy just to speak English again.

There were Independence Celebrations going while we were there and it has been just wonderful to experience the dancing, drumming and singing at the Auditorium.

Peter has been on some great hikes. We rented a scooter for about a week which was a fantastic way to see the Island. It is quite cool here (probably only 75 - 78 degrees) which is not surprising as it is their Winter. The place is so friendly and the shopping is much cheaper than French Polynesia. It is not breaking the bank!!!! Our Canadian dollar is worth more than the New Zealand dollar (The Cook Islands is a New Zealand protectorate and their currency is NZ dollars).

We will be spending a few days at Aitutaki and then head for Beveridge Reef and Tonga. Should be in Tonga in about 2 weeks.

We updated our website while we were in Raratonga with photos from French Polynesia.

All the best

from Joyce and Peter

**Peter and Joyce  
Shackleton**

September, 2004

Vava'u

**Dear All:**

We are presently in the Vava'u group in the Kingdom of Tonga anchored in one of the beautiful anchorages. We spent two and a half weeks in Raratonga in the Cook Islands after a 5 day passage from the Leeward Islands of French Polynesia. Raratonga was really enjoyable, lots to do and see, terrific people. The island dance competitions were on with troupes from all the outlying islands competing. Some times the whole village would be on stage, the little kids in front and the Maramas whooping it up on the sides. Every one having a great time. Including me.

We rented a motor scooter for 8 days and did lots of sight seeing. Went on some jungle hikes and did a cross island trek. Hot, sweaty, muddy, bush and mosquitos. Lots of fun.

We have just left Raratonga in the Cook Islands and heading for Aitutaki (also in the Cook Islands). After 9 months of

We left the Cooks and headed North to visit Aitutaki and Palmerston Islands but didn't manage to stop at either, going aground in the pass ( we went ahead in the dinghy with a measuring rope and it seemed to be OK) to the lagoon at Aitutaki (quite exciting for a while!!!)and being forced to anchor out in the roadstead off the reef. Knew it was shallow but not THAT shallow!!!. We were prepared with anchors and a friendly Canadian in his dinghy who helped us get of the shallow bank in a very short time. We hung in there for a night (on the mooring bouy) then had to put back out to sea as a big tropical depression was tracking our way from the Fiji area so we beat north again to try to avoid the worst but got smacked still 50 miles out of Palmerston. Battle stations all night as we ran west in 40 knot winds and brutal cross seas.

After the front passed we were left becalmed in a nasty heaving chop. Ugly. We spent the next three days working back North west and stopped at Beverage Reef for two days waiting for the wind to fill back in.

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We found the pass OK and anchored in 15 feet of water inside. A most eerily spectacular place, anchored in the middle of the ocean in flat water completely surrounded by booming surf and of course totally exposed to any wind. Water two miles deep outside and the nearest land being the island of Niue 150 miles away. Naturally we were the only boat there.

We left there after two days and set course for Niue and had good passage until we were closing the island when we got hit by another cold front and big winds, as usual in the middle of the night, wrestling with sail changes in the pitch dark is quite exciting and very wet. Oh yes.

So we couldn't close Niue either because of northerly winds and had to press on to Tonga where we made land fall a few days later. Just after dark to make sure we wasted another night hove to 10 miles off. We were happy to get into port after a very trying trip. Two weeks with out getting off the boat for what in normal conditions would have been a pleasant 5-6 days running before the South East trades.

So here we are in Tonga with a list of stuff to fix that got smashed getting here. Plenty of time though as we will be here until the end of October.

When we arrived we were met at the Dock by four very friendly officials who came onto our boat for our clearance into Tonga. We gave them tea and cookies had a pleasant hour being checked into the country.

The annual agricultural show was on a few days ago where all the farmers, producers and crafts people from the Kingdom of Tonga came together to display their stuff for the King and his retinue's inspection.

Most impressive. Absolutely beautiful handicrafts, weaving, carvings, jewellery, tapas, wonderous baskets, enormous yams, tapioca, sweet potatoes, the list goes on. Quite the endeavour for such a small Nation. We saw the King and Queen of Tonga and had a beer with the Deputy Minister of Finance later. A very interesting day.

We will be cruising around the islands for the next two weeks before coming back into town to restock on bread, beer (an essential supply) and spuds. The local rum is a tonic also!.

We are at present anchored at an outer island very picturesque and it has become very warm after our 3 lows (weather lows) in the last two weeks which brought grey skies and cold (75 degrees).

The Happai Group about 70 miles south of here and that is our next port of call. Not often visited, so we here. From there we go to Tongatapu, Nukualofa - for check out then on to New Zealand end of October. Reputedly the worst passage of the whole circumcission oops circumnavigation so a few Kiwi guys tell us.

Talk to you soon.

Joyce and Peter

## Forever and Ever

KRISTEN 52 SLOOP

Gary and  
Dayle Robertson

Victoria

Cruising Adventure  
Part 20 June 24, 2004

Almost one month to the day and we finally got a weather window. Winds had never gotten below gale force for the last month and ranged from 35 to 45 knots every day. Seas were constantly in the 12 to 16 foot range at 8 to 10 second intervals. Locals cannot remember such severe weather for such a long duration. Bodega Bay just north of San Francisco was refusing entrance as boats were rafted 3 deep and no one was allowed to leave.

We hired Commanders' Weather Service to assist us to find a window to make the final voyage home. On Wednesday, June 16th we were given the green light to proceed the next day. We left San Francisco on Thursday, June 17th at 0400 am PDT. The weather was blowing 25 knots out of the west as we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge at first light. We followed the buoys the passage marking the "Potato Patch" and made the turn north. By the time we reached Pt. Reyes the wind had died and the seas calmed. With only the two of us to stand watches, we motor-sailed for the 4.5 day non-stop passage. Winds and therefore seas remained calm for the entire passage. The dreaded Cape Mendocino and Cape Blanco were a "cake walk" when we passed through early in the morning and seas were so calm we could have had a water skier behind.

The only salt water to reach the deck for the entire trip was encountered as we went under the Golden Gate Bridge. The Juan de Fuca Strait again became a challenge as we fought pea soup fog, a strong ebb current and very heavy marine traffic. Even the traffic control out of Seattle was under pressure as the fog obscured visibility for freighters, tugs, tankers and armed forces ships attempting to stay away from each other in the shipping lanes. The USS *Stennis* (one of America's largest Aircraft Carriers) and her

escort vessels departed from Victoria just as we were trying to cross the shipping lanes. We arrived at our Yacht Club (the Canadian Forces Sailing Association in Esquimalt) at 1600. It was wonderful to have family and friends meet us on the dock to welcome us home. We had been gone for nearly 11 months and traveled 5,885 nautical miles. We sailed or motor-sailed as much as possible but still put on many more engine hours than we would have ever thought. It was a good thing we brought a good supply of fuel and oil filters as we accumulated 967 hours of main engine run time on the trip.

Our most enjoyable places – Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, Tenacatita, Z-Town, La Cruz, Paradise Village in Puerto Vallarta and the Copper Canyon railway trip. The worst was the epitome of culture clash between American and Mexican at Cabo san Lucas.

The most valuable gear on board were the three GPS units, Nobeltec Chart Plotter on two computers, Auto pilot, Radar and the trusted main engine and generator. The least valuable equipment other than the safety gear that thankfully was not needed (liferaft, EPRIB, etc.) – was the Spinnaker Pole and spinnaker sail (no down wind sailing the entire trip), the water-maker which we would not use in anchorages and the large, heavy dinghy that was too difficult for the two of us to manage when trying to beach it above high tide at an anchorage. The inexpensive plastic tarps (to cover for protection from the sun and birds), and the deck hatch windsocks were extremely well used and appreciated.

**We learned two major lessons:** Most people either enjoy the challenge and excitement of the voyage where the time at sea is more important than the destination or they only endure the voyage to enjoy the destination. Only a few enjoy both.

We live in the best cruising area of the world. While Mexico was a beautiful adventure, in many ways most anchorages are open roadsteads with overnight passages between anchor-

ages. In our mind nothing compares to the secluded and protected anchorages in the Pacific Northwest where you can travel a matter of a few hours from one pristine spot to the next.

We are happy to be home.

In the few days since our arrival we have been busy attempting to reestablish ourselves in civilization. We have applied for a post office box, land telephone line, purchased a car, made doctor and dentist appointments, and secured permanent live-aboard moorage. One more adventure in life complete. The most important lesson is to encourage others to live life and not delay to the point when it can no longer be accomplished. **Tackle adventure sooner rather than later – don't procrastinate.** Having recently retired I can suggest it is kind of like your pension – collect early – collect often and enjoy.

God bless,  
Gary & Dayle

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# Currently Cruising

AKITSUSHIMA III...	04	Norio & Jo-Anne Matsushita	...	Himeji, Japan
ANDRAMOI.....	98	Herman Boer	.....	Mexico
ANTARES I.....	02	Bill & Halina Cowan	.....	Raiatea, French Polynesia
ARCLYD II.....	01	Karl & Michelle Mech	.....	San Salvadore
ARCTURUS.....	00	Fred & Chris Caron	.....	Solomon Islands
ARDMACHREE.....	95	Bill & Kathy Clark	.....	Opua, New Zealand
AURORA B.....	04	Tom Ehmann & Maggie Thors	..	California
BAGHEERA.....	98	Andy & Liza Copeland	.....	Turkey
BELLA MARIA	04	Neil Watson		
		& Mary Ranieri-Watson	.....	Hawaii
BLUE HERON 2000	03	Dennis & Sandra-Faye Nagy	...	Tahiti
BY CHANCE.....	00	John & Ariana Flook	.....	Vanuatu (Aus in Nov)
CALLISTO.....	02	Richard & Selma Scott	.....	El Salvador
CARDINAL SIN.....	02	Robert & Linda Cardinal	.....	Majuro, Marshall Islands
CEDAR SPIRIT.....	03	Glen & Mimi Brownlee	.....	Hollywood, FL.
CITATION.....	02	Kevin & Betty Donohoe	.....	Bahia Honda, Panama
COOKIE CUTTER...	02	Pete McMartin		
		& Connie Morahan	.....	Savu Savu, Fiji
DARWIN'S PASSAGE	00	Amanda and Barry Glickman	...	Puerto Montt, Chile
DIKENG A.....	02	Rik Dove	.....	en route Tonga
DRAGON STAR.....	02	Nick & Jean Fenger	.....	Aitutaki, Cook Is
EGRESS II.....	94	Dr. John & Norma Thomson	...	Queensland, Australia
ENDEAVOUR.....	04	Kim Sherback & Linda Tait	...	Mexico
EPIC V.....	03	Mike Richards & E J Hurst	.....	NE Australia
FAIRWYN.....	99	Stephen & Nancy Carlman	.....	Cartagena, Colombia
FORTUITOUS.....	04	Ralph & Cheryl Kallberg	.....	Pacific NW
FREE SPIRIT.....	03	Gabriele Helmig & Mark Pocock	.....	Opua, New Zealand
FREYJA V.....	04	Basil & Angela Huxham	.....	Tahiti
GAVIA ARCTICA.....	02	David & Mary Robb	.....	Puerto Lucia, Ecuador
GENTLE WIND.....	03	Clarence & Theresa Unger	.....	Pacific Northwest
GOOLKA.....	96	John Kirstein		
		& Elaine Zameruk	.....	Tunisia westbound, Africa
GYMNOPIEDIES.....	98	Gerry & Terry Skopyk	.....	Cuba
HARMONICA.....	00	David & Janet Hutchinson	.....	Bahia de Caraques, Ecuador
HORIZONS.....	01	Bob Mitchinson & Carol Ensor	...	Bahia del Sol, El Salvador
ICARIAN.....	04	Marilyn & Brian Woodward	...	Mexico
ICICLE I.....	00	Clifford & Ruth Friesen	.....	Fiji
IN THE MOOD.....	03	Kenneth & Sharon Taylor	.....	Bahia del Sol, El Salvador
INCOGNITA.....	02	Bruce & Janine Thiedeke	.....	Bahia de Caraquez, Ecuador
INDRA II.....	01	Jay Smith	.....	Costa Rica
JAVA.....	04	John & Mary Williamson	.....	Pacific Northwest
J'SEA.....	04	John Cuzner	.....	Itanbul Turkey
JUBILANT.....	00	Denny Morgan	.....	Savu Savu, Fiji
JULUKA.....	03	Arthur Todd & Susan Brown	...	Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
KHAMSIN.....	91	Gillian & Michael West	.....	Deltaville, Virginia
KYNDA.....	00	Peter & Linda Young	.....	Beaufort, NC
LADY MEG.....	00	Erik & Kris Laerz	.....	Thailand
MATARUA.....	03	Peter & Joyce Shackleton	.....	Tahiti
MITHRANDIR.....	98	Rick & Elke Cunningham	.....	Opua, New Zealand
MONI MONI.....	04	Dan Penner		
		& Mary-Ann Mustonen	.....	en route Corsica & Sardinia
NAKISKA.....	00	Gosse & Terry Van der Ploeg	...	Cartagena, Colombia
NIMBUS.....	98	David & Linda Seller	.....	en route Indonesia & Thailand
NO KOMIS.....	97	Terry Wolfe-Milner	.....	Marina Oxxean, Chile
NOOTKA ROSE.....	01	Jerry & Barbara Rozalska	.....	Airutaki Atoll, Cook Islands
NORTHERN SUMMIT	96	Albert & Terry Bergeon	.....	Malaysia
OTTER II.....	04	Bruce Gordon & Phyllis Hanes	...	San Carlos, Mexico
PACIFIC PASSAGE..	02	David Dyer & Elizabeth Peter	..	Mexico
PARAQUINA.....	99	Neil & Esther Symons	.....	Florida, Columbia
PEREGRINATA.....	02	Scott & Sonia Crawshaw	.....	Bahia de Caraquez, Ecuador
POCO LOCO DOS...	04	Keith Sangster & Debbie Gittins		Puerto Vallarta, Mexico



QUAESTA.....	01	Jim & Jeannine MacDonald	.....	Puerto Balandra, Mexico
RAVEN.....	00	Jan & Signe Twardowski	.....	en route Fiji
RAYANI.....	03	David & Judith Phillips	.....	Hawaii
REACTION.....	03	Gary & Dale Rosa	.....	La Paz, Mexico
RIGHT GALAH.....	04	Sandra & Charles Cohen	.....	Mexico
REBEL X.....	00	Ian & Susan Grant	.....	Largs, Scotland
SAW LEE AH.....	03	Darlyne Farrell & Rod Caple	...	Hawaii
SEA LISE.....	98	Paul & Annalise Pedersen	.....	Praesto, Denmark
SEA-QUOIA II.....	04	Janet McGregor	.....	San Francisco
SECRET O'LIFE.....	04	Tammy Woodmansee		
		& Terry Bingham	.....	en route to Central America
SEGUE.....	02	Dave & Kaye Poulsen	.....	Corfu, Italy
SEGUE.....	00	Joe & Claudette Hessberger	...	Abu Dhabi
SEMI-CIRCLE.....	02	Linda Charlesworth		
		& Victor Smith	.....	El Salvador
SIRI.....	99	Terry & Tove Brown	.....	en route New Cal- NZ
SKYLARK II.....	99	Cliff & Orma Bowering	.....	Puerto La Cruz, Venezuela
SOLAR.....				
DRIFTWOOD II..	02	Peter & Heather Warwick	.....	Vanuatu
SOL MATE.....	03	Richard Vanappelen		
		& Karen Ormon	.....	San Diego
SOONER.....	04	Rob Gordon		
		& Jennifer MacGilli	.....	Rangiroa, Marquesas Islands
SOWELU.....	03	Boja Kosmak & Mai Vu	.....	Raratonga, Cook Islands
SPIRITUS I.....	04	John Moloney & Joan Harivel	..	Ireland - Eastern - Irish Sea
STAR STRUCK.....	03	Paul & Star Jordan Dempsey	...	La Paz, Mexico
STARFORM.....	01	Terry Roche & Lynn Caskey	...	Rio Dulce, Guatamala
STARLIGHT.....				
EXPRESS.....	02	Allan & Betty Bartlett	.....	Raratonga, Cook Islands
SURGIAMO.....	02	Ken & Lima Wright	.....	Marmaris, Turkey
T'AI LI.....	95	Steven & Carol London	.....	Zihuatanejo, Mexico
TARAZED.....	01	Murray & Colette Barrett	.....	Bahia del Sol, El Salvador
TEGAN.....	02	Joe Koyorie & Janet Pinder	...	Brisbane, Australia
TIDES END.....	00	Reg & Gail Russell	.....	Belize
TINMAR.....	02	Martin Schulz	.....	Ensenada, Mexico
TIOGA.....	02	Chris & Sheila Richards	.....	Horta, Azores
TREYLIA.....	04	Dagny Vaney & John Day	.....	Pacific Northwest
TSONOQUA II.....	04	Norm & Pat MacKenzie	.....	Port Villa, Vanuatu
TUUGAALIK.....	02	Pete & Judy Griffiths	.....	Mazatlan, Mexico
VAHANA.....	92	Henry & Judith McPhie	.....	Turkey
WANDERING STAR I	03	Russell Spencer		
		& Shirley Higginson	.....	Guaymas, Mexico

WANDERLUST V...	02	Peter & Glenora Doherty	.....	Mazatlan, Mexico
WEST BY NORTH...	93	Gerry & Val Lowdon	.....	Malaysia
WHITE HAWK I...	02	John Withington & Dawn Kelk	..	Honduras
WINDRUNNER II...	03	Lee & Stephen Hindrichs	.....	Tonga
WINDY LADY III...	96	David Ball	.....	Malaysia
WINGS.....	02	Terry Browne III		
		& Debora Gillespie	.....	Fiji en route Vanuatu
WYNDEAVOR.....	04	Kelly & Michael Foster	.....	Canada - Vancouver Island - Pacific

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CAMELOT V.....	98	Dale & Muriel Gray	.....	Honokohau Marina, Hawaii,
CARRA II.....	95	Cliff & Audrey Allcroft	.....	Bocas del Toro, Panama
ELAKHA.....	00	Lynn Ross & Gord MacLeod	.....	Mount Maunganui, New Zealand
GRASAL.....	02	Gregg & Jean Tranter	.....	San Carlos, Mexico
GREEN GHOST.....	00	Alex Nikolajevich		
		& Jennifer Smith	.....	Scarborough, QLD, Australia
HARMONICA.....	00	David & Janet Hutchinson	.....	Bahia de Caraques, Ecuador
KA'SALA.....	97	Peter & Marlene MacLaren	.....	Stuart, Florida
LA RAFALE.....	03	Fred & Shari Beresford	.....	Barra de Navidad, Mexico
REBEL X.....	00	Ian & Susan Grant	.....	Craobh, Scotland
SAMARA II.....	94	Art & Berenice Kreuzinger	.....	Chaguaramus, Trinidad
SEA NIDDRY.....	01	Henry Korol & Lorraine Horobin	.....	Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
SERGER.....		Ken and Lima Wright	.....	Turkey
SEMI-CIRCLE.....	00	Joe & Claudette Hessberger	.....	Abu Dhabi, UAE
TETHYS.....	00	Vladimir Svetlovsky & Paula Roberts	...	Auckland, New Zealand
TRONDELAG.....	02	Gerry & Lynne Purvis	.....	Brisbane, Australia
URSA.....	03	Rick Reynolds	.....	Auckland, New Zealand
WISKUN.....	03	Kjartan Sekkingstad & Ellen Lee Kwen	..	Wangerei, New Zealand

## Welcome Home

FOREVER & EVER..	03	Gary & Dayle Robertson
JAALA.....	02	Barrie & Karen Philp
RAYANI.....	03	David & Judith Phillips

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# Letters From Offshore

## Fairwyn

SPARKMAN & STEPHENS 42 YAWL

Stephen and Nancy  
Carlman

March 2004

Cartagena, Colombia

## Five Months in Cartagena

Everyone we met on both sides of the Panama Canal told us not to miss Cartagena. We

don't like to take people's word for something, but in this case they were right. Cartagena is a great place to stay for a while, sightsee, and get things done on the boat.

As you no doubt know, Colombia is considered a dangerous place, and visitors are discouraged by the US State Department and by insurance companies. The country is dangerous to tourists in the rural areas since rebels who have been fighting against the government for years have a habit of kidnapping foreign businessmen and visitors and holding them for ransom. However, the rebels have no power in the cities, and Cartagena in particular is a safe enclave.

An 80-year-old non-profit society has restored and enhanced the historic value of Cartagena, once the storehouse of gold and silver taken from Peru and Bolivia, and then transshipped to Spain via Havana. The society's first task was to restore the San Felipe Fort that, during the 19th century, had been used as a quarry and had goats grazing in its precincts. The society then restored the walls and bastions around the old city, some of which had been torn down, and encouraged the development of the gold, naval, and fortifications museums. The Palace of the Inquisition is opening at the end of February as a history museum. Thus the city has many attractions to draw tourists, but so few come these days that cruisers are the only foreigners around, and are welcomed in the city centre with the question, "Are you on a sailboat?"

Walking tours with knowledgeable guides are available, as are boat tours of the bay forts.

## Arrival

Cartagena Bay has two entrances separated by Isla Terra Bomba. The northernmost entrance, Boca Grande, is, contrary to the name, small. The entrance looks wide, but an 18th century below-water seawall contracts the navigable entrance to only a few hundred metres and a depth of less than four metres, with only one channel marker. Sailboats use this entrance only in daylight in calm weather. Boca Chica, between the southern end of Terra Bomba and the

San Jose fort and entrance station, is the deep-water, buoyed entrance.

Vessels must call the San Jose station to announce themselves and say where they are going. The Port Captain is very friendly and welcomes vessels to Cartagena. Buoys, more than those appearing on the paper charts, mark the channel ten miles north to the city.

Cruisers have two choices of where to moor: Club Nautico, with both med-style moorings and an anchorage, and Club de Pesca, the local yacht club with some slips for visitors. The former charges about \_ the cost of the latter. They are located close to one another in Manga, a residential area within walking distance of the city centre. A large supermarket, Internet services, ATMs, and restaurants are within easy walking distance. Both clubs have potable water, electricity, showers, laundry service, security, and bars.

Club Nautico is a funky, family-run facility with somewhat run-down docks, friendly service, and a British dockmaster. Club de Pesca has modern, clean docks and very tight security, e.g., friends wanting to visit boats must be pre-cleared. Club de Pesca has a fuel dock and room to haul-out one boat at a time.

To enter Colombia, you must use an agent. These are available at both clubs and can take care of all the paperwork for you for about \$60US. If there is a disadvantage to visiting Cartagena, it is that the bay is rich in nutrients, and barnacles grow seemingly overnight. We stayed at the Club Nautico marina for four months and had our waterline, propeller, and lines cleaned once a month. If we had not had the prop cleaned, it would not have turned.

One other possible disadvantage is "emerald fever." Colombia is one of the world's main producers of emeralds, a fact readily obvious from the number of emerald shops, museums, and factories in the old city. Many cruisers take advantage of prices that are about 1/6th of those in North America, and buy both jewelry and unset stones.

## Boat Services

Cruisers talk about "Cartagena Velcro" because it is so easy to stay here for a long time. The weather is warm, the city is pleasant and full of excellent, inexpensive restaurants, and all sorts of boat work can be accomplished easily: wood, stainless steel, bronze, chroming, fibreglass, motors, electrics, electronics, upholstery, sail repair, and canvas. Parts and specialty hardware, some of which would

not be available anywhere, can be copied and fabricated quickly and inexpensively. And those items that must be bought from manufacturers elsewhere can be imported without duty for yachts in transit.

One warning: workers are skilled but do not have good tools, so you cannot expect the finish of North America. Of course, you are not paying North American prices. You also need to supervise the work carefully. Painters would have put on one thick coat of paint rather than two thinned ones, if we had not explained exactly what we wanted. Workers are used to "making do." In some carpentry work we had done inside *Fairwyn*, one molding was made of two pieces beautifully scarfed together because the carpenter did not think we wanted to buy more wood. We had to ask him to make another molding.

Club Nautico publishes a cruisers' guide covering all the above services plus doctors, dentists, restaurants and shopping. It is available on line at [www.clubnauticocartagena.com](http://www.clubnauticocartagena.com).

Cruisers take advantage of laser surgery for vision and dermatologists for incipient and developed skin cancer. Both services are available without waits and for reasonable prices. As in other Central and South American countries, pharmaceuticals that can be bought in North America only by prescription are available over the counter here, although it is sometimes not possible to buy particular familiar brand names.

Three yards are available for haulouts, all within an hour's motoring of the yacht clubs: Manzanillo is friendly and well-recommended but its channel is shallow; Todomar has a clean yard and is often used for long-term storage; Ferrocem is less expensive than Todomar but is a dirt yard that is muddy during the rainy season and dusty during the dry season. Ferrocem can handle multihulls and has three apartments for rent in the yard so cruisers can have private showers and air-conditioning. All yards have workmen of various sorts available for reasonable prices. However, it is very important to supervise all work carefully.

During the main cruisers' season, from September to March, cruisers generally maintain a local VHF net that enhances and updates the cruisers' guide and gives information on cultural events, for example, concerts in the restored 1911 Teatro Heredia, a U-shaped opera house with excellent acoustics. It is decorated with local wood carvings, gilt, red velvet, and an overhead mural with crystal chandelier.

## Weather

As in most places in the tropics, Cartagena has two seasons: wet, from April to November; and dry, from November through March. When we arrived in mid-October, we had several rain showers and southeasterly winds. November through February, however, were dry with mainly light northerly winds that helped mitigate the hot temperatures. (A sign on a highway leading into Cartagena gives the average temperature as 32° Celsius.) Just as we planned to leave at the end of February, a front in the Caribbean moved southwest and sat just off Cartagena with winds to 35 knots and seas building to 16 feet. So we stayed put.

## Local Cruising

Visiting the Rosario Islands, about 20 miles southwest of Cartagena, is a way for cruisers to swim and clean boat bottoms. The islands are surrounded by coral reefs that are good for snorkeling. Club Nautico has a special chart available to give you waypoints, courses, and other information about how to enter these islands safely.

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## Crossroads

Cartagena is a crossroads (crossCurrents? crosswinds?) for cruisers traveling west from the ABC islands to Panama and those heading east to Trinidad or north to Honduras or Cuba. Thus, we meet people from Australia, New Zealand, Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and North America. This year in February, Canadian cruisers include British Columbians heading from Vancouver east or north, heading home from circumnavigations (*Samara II*), or staying in Cartagena (*Trinity III* and *Rare Mettle*). Eastern Canadians meet us here en route to the South Pacific.

Despite enjoying our stay here for more than four months, we now plan to venture northwest to Honduras.

Stephen and Nancy Carlman  
En route to somewhere

## In the Mood

C&C37 CUTTER

Ken and Sharon Taylor and  
Ship's cat Cagney

July 2004

The Gulf of Tehuanepec

Well, here it is folks. For a C.S.S.er it is Everest and the World Series rolled into one. The dreaded Tehuanepec.

Home of the notorious T-pecker: storms that roll across from the Caribbean with winds up to 60 knots. Winds that can blow you 500 miles offshore while you wind your watch. Short steep wind waves, fifteen feet high that will roll right over you while you hold on and pray to your own personal God. Because at that moment you need personal attention. T-peckers! You'll feel like a limp pecker if you experience one.

So C.S.S.ers get prepared for adventures such as this. As your leader, here is the first piece of advice. Always have your own diesel mechanic along on these trips. For

a long while we travelled with Ralph and Donna on *Ocean Girl*. Ralph is a diesel mechanic. If something went wrong Ralph was always around with soothing words and sound advice. And all for the price of a beer or two. But we had a falling out. Over my protests and, I hate to admit, tears, they decided to go to the South Pacific. Well eat your heart out *Ocean Girl*, we have new best friends. Vic and Linda on *Sera*. Have you guessed yet? Vic is a diesel mechanic. And better still he doesn't drink so now I get the same help and good advice for the price of a coke. This cruising life is great. There is one fly in the ointment. Both Ralph on *Ocean Girl* and Linda on *Sera* SMOKE. As a reformed smoker I am met everyday with the devil weed and am sorely tempted. Stay tuned for a willpower update.

So now that you have your mechanical worries put to bed, we get on with the other preparations. Fuel. Make sure you have lots of fuel. Check that you have lots of fuel. Not with just a gauge, take a stick and probe your tank to be sure. We wouldn't

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want to run out of fuel in the middle of the Tehuanepec would we?

Next, check the weather window. Make sure you have at least three days, preferably four, of nice calm weather. Right after a gale is over is usually good.

And lastly, go around. The conventional wisdom says go around and hug the shore. That way if the weather window slams shut and the winds pick up, you hug the shore and you get the winds but not the seas as the wind is off the land.

So here I am, your fearless leader, all fuelled and provisioned, my own diesel mechanic, ready to go around the Tehuanepec.

But what's this? Everyone's going across. Ten other boats leaving to go straight across. They must be nuts! And as a person who follows the herd whenever possible, I agree. Across it is. Even Don on *Summer Passage*, the weather Guru, says go across. We head off.

I should mention at this time that we had originally intended to go to Puerto Quetzal in Guatemala as our first stop. However it appears that cruise ships are now going there and the American government is demanding that no boat be anchored within 300 meters of a cruise ship because of the terrorism threat. The result is that the only viable anchorage for a sailboat is off limits. There is another area but you can't leave your boat unattended because you have to move everytime a freighter comes in. So while the Americans squeal and hold their skirts in the air the rest of us jump. That means the trip across the Tehuanepec now becomes Huatulco, Mexico to Bahia Del Sol or Barillas, both in El Salvador, and a 3 day trip becomes a 4 or 5 day trip. As you can imagine we are a little P.O.ed.

So we are sailing 500 miles from Huatulco to Barillas. Our longest passage yet. And the sailing is fabulous. We have 10 knots on the beam, flat seas and no engine. Making 4.5 knots to 5 knots. The purists among you would be pleased. I'm smiling. The trepidation recedes and it's comforting to hear a bunch of other boats on the radio. The fast boats are ripping along and the plodders are .... plodding. Soon we are spread over 20 -30 miles. Needless to say we are at the rear with the plodders.

We leave at 2:30 pm and by 7:30 pm the wind has died and everyone is motoring. My engine temperature is slowly rising in the heat and soon I am reading 198 degrees. I have installed a bypass so I can have the fresh water bypass the hot water tank. So I go down and flip the switch. Within 10 minutes the temperature drops from 198 to 165. I gloat at

my prescience and feel much happier.

We motor all night and things couldn't be better. We are making time. The sea is flat and we should be half way across by late the next day.

The second day dawns beautifully. Still no wind, but no wind is better than too much wind and our Perkins is perking along. In the afternoon we get a little breeze so we can put up a sail but we still have to motor. **And then it happens!** The engine revs up a couple of times and then stops. My worst nightmare is upon us. We are in the middle of the Tehuanepec with no engine and no wind. If we don't get this fixed we will sit here until the next gale and then be blown to Tonga. I express some mild concern through the use of some words not normally spoken in good company and I proceed leisurely below to see if I can ascertain the problem. Pieces of the boat are soon flying in all directions.

We have had this problem before when we had clogged filters so I check there first. Ah ha! The primary filter case is only half full. It is obvious what the problem is. I will change filters and we will be on our way.... Dear me, changing filters doesn't seem to help. Perhaps a clogged fuel line? Off it comes. Seems fine. It's over 100 degrees below and I am running with sweat but still tranquil and calm. Perhaps the fuel pickup is plugged? No luck. I express mild chagrin!... I think.... If there is no fuel in the primary filter and no clogs in the line or the pickup, what could the problem be? No dear reader, what you are thinking can not be the case. I have religiously put in fuel at every stop based on my calculations of what we had used on the previous leg of the trip. Did I actually open the tank and physically check to see how much fuel was there before leaving Huatulco? Well no, I didn't have to, did I? I've been out here for 8 months. I know how much fuel I'm burning. But just to satisfy you, dear skeptical reader, I will take off the inspection plate and look.

Now comes one of those moments in life where you must abase yourself in front of all your friends and admit publicly that you have screwed up royally. No quietly admitting it to yourself or even your wife, but you must now get on the radio and BROADCAST the fact to the world. You know that every other boat out there is thinking, "What an idiot." And, if they are not, they should be. I think for a minute about saying nothing and just slowly disappearing over the horizon, never to be seen again. But that's not fair to the cat. So I get on the radio.



Remember those times in the fleet meeting when they said, "These people will be your family out there." And you looked around and thought, "I don't think so. I don't even like most of these people." Well, I am living proof that even people who think you are an idiot will risk their own lives to help you, just like your family.

I pour in the ten gallons of diesel that I have in jerry cans on the deck. On the radio Vic and Linda agree to rendezvous in the morning and transfer 20 gallons to me. But now we have another problem. One of the other boats has lost their alternator and can't run their engine. We agree to meet up with them later in the day.

At 9am I throw the dinghy in the water and row to *Sera* to transfer fuel. Vic has two cans on his deck. But now some squalls show up and by the time I am over at *Sera* the wind is blowing 20 knots. I grab the cans and Sharon maneuvers *In The Mood* close so I don't have to row far. I get back just as the winds get up to 25, gusting 30 knots. **(I'm in an open boat, in the middle of the Tehuanepec, in 30 knot winds .... Chicken Shit Sailing indeed!)** We get the cans and the dinghy on board and we are off to the next rendezvous.

*Cloud Nine*, the boat with the faulty alternator, has agreed to meet us since Vic has an old alternator on board that might fit. We pick a spot in the middle of a featureless ocean and agree to meet at 5pm that day. The winds have gone, the sun is out, and it's flat calm. Four boats come over the horizon and converge at the designated spot. What did they do before GPS? I still need more fuel so I throw the dinghy in again and row to *Sera* for fuel and the alternator. *Soul Catcher* is with us and they give us 5 gallons of fuel. Vic comes with me and installs the alternator at sea while

I transfer fuel and bum smokes. It's so calm we could have rafted up, and everyone is laughing and snapping pictures. By 8pm all is accomplished and we are once again on our way. Remember, this is the Tehuanepec! Has there ever been a crossing like this?

A quiet night and in the morning *Cloud Nine* dismantles his fuel system and pumps 10 gallons into jerry cans. I dinghy over and get it as the squalls threaten again. But once again the Gods protect fools. The rest of the fleet of 11 boats are on the radio offering help and encouragement and I am completely humbled.

By now we are out of the Tehuanepec, but not out of the danger. We still have two days of sailing and if the wind gets up on the nose we might be in trouble....The wind gets up on the nose!!... We have to conserve fuel so we sail! I know it seems a foreign concept to C.S.S.ers, but in a pinch we can sail. But we are not making much headway and like mother hens with an errant chick, *Sera* and *Soul Catcher* refuse to go on without us so we spend the day tacking back and forth. Finally the wind dies and after PHYSICALLY CHECKING the fuel we figure we have enough to get to Bahia Del Sol. Let's hope the entrance is open.

Bahia Del Sol has a big surf entrance and you have to be led in. Some boats have anchored out for days waiting for a break in the surf but we get lucky. An hour after we arrive the panga comes to guide us in one by one. This is something Disney should look into!!! Roaring surf on either side, almost ten feet high. Huge waves coming up behind you while a voice on the radio says, "You're doing fine, keep it straight." Who is this person and why are we trusting her with our lives? Sharon is facing the stern and

I can see her eyes getting bigger every second as she sees the breakers threatening to crash on the stern. I wish I'd worn protection because I am about to wet myself. Finally amidst the roar and crash we are through and into calm water. We motor up the estuary and anchor in flat calm. Five days almost to the minute from when we left. I look around. *Looks nice. I'm never leaving!*

So here we sit in Bahia Del Sol, trying to get up enough nerve to go through the surf and move on. I check my fuel level



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every hour even if I haven't run my engine. I am awed by my fellow cruisers who risked their lives to help us out. I am awed by my wife who never once said what she must have been thinking and I am dumbfounded that we are actually here in El Salvador. Mexico was fun. But this seems like the beginning of an accomplishment. Stay tuned.

Ken and Sharon and Cagney

– Ken and Sharon are touring Guatemala by land before moving on south and a proposed trip through the Panama Canal in September.

## A Near Death Experience

It was approaching the end of May. My El Salvador 90 day Tourist Card was about to expire, requiring a trip out of the country in order to obtain a new one on re-entry - a good time to take a holiday from boat projects. My French Canadian friend, Pierre, who lives in San Salvador with his German born partner, Silke, suggested that we take a trip to Lake Izabal, which is an inland extension of the Rio Dulce in Guatemala. Pierre keeps his outrigger-style trimaran at the village of Mariscos (Seafood?) on the south shore of this large lake. Weather permitting, we planned to spend about a week sailing and/or motoring his open trimaran down the Rio Dulce to the Caribbean Sea and across from Livingston to Punta Gorda in Belize.

Pierre picked me up at the dock in Bahia del Sol and we drove to the Guatemalan border crossing at Anguiatú, stopping in Metapán for lunch on the way. We were travelling north on Highway CA 12. This route would connect us with Highway CA 9, the Atlantic Highway, which runs in a north easterly direction to Puerto Barrios and the nearer branch road to Fronteras on the Rio Dulce. Pierre's vehicle is a recent model Mazda pickup with a canopy enclosing the box at the back. There are two small fold up seats in the storage space behind the two main bucket seats in the cab, with two half doors behind the main doors for access.

It was now mid afternoon. We had crossed the border about an hour earlier and were now about 10 to 15 kilometres south of Chiquimula, in Guatemala. We were pulling up behind a slower moving vehicle while having a casual chat when a small black sedan with dark tinted windows

## Horizons

TAYANA 37 CUTTER

Bob Mitchinson

May 30, 2004

Bahia del Sol, El Salvador



Second Shot

roared past us on the driver's side at high speed and then pulled tightly in front of us, braking severely. There was barely enough space between our vehicle and the slower moving vehicle ahead of us. Our bumpers could have been no more than about a foot or two apart. My immediate response was to sit up in my seat and exclaim: "Holy sh\*\*!" I thought that it was just a maniac driver.

However, following immediately behind this black sedan was a small pickup truck. I noticed it as it pulled alongside and slightly ahead of us on the driver's side. In the box of the pickup were about five young paramilitary looking young men, all very aggressively pointing guns at us. My

most immediate focus was on one of these men positioned in the front of the box of the pickup. He had close cropped hair, dark coloured close fitting T-shirt, dark long pants, and most importantly, he was pointing a machine gun at us. The other men in the pickup, none of them masked or disguised, were also pointing guns. There were hand guns and at least one other machine gun. These machine guns looked just like the short stubby type that I've seen the police carry in this part of the world.

The banditos were yelling and vigorously signalling us to stop our vehicle. It's at this point that my recollection diverges from that of Pierre. I recall him saying something about not hanging around, and he immediately put his foot to the floor and accelerated. I have no recollection of what happened to the black sedan or the slower moving vehicle ahead of us. My eyes were transfixed on the guy with the machine gun. As we immediately accelerated, the pickup

dropped back slightly but remained alongside of us, box to box, in the oncoming lane. Two very loud gunshots then rang out in fairly rapid succession. The first caused the driver's side window to explode, showering Pierre and the interior of the cab with small fragments of glass. The second shot entered the cab through the small vertical window behind the driver's side window, crossed right through the interior of the cab and shattered part of the plastic liner on the passenger's side inside door post, right in front of me. The edge of the windscreen on the passenger side also suffered impact damage.

All of this occurred in a matter of seconds. I was still sitting upright in my seat from my initial surprise when the two shots were fired. I have no recollection of what was happening on the road ahead of us and I can say nothing about the state of the traffic. I had my eyes now focussed on Pierre, looking for his reaction and to see if he'd been hurt. He was leaning forward, his eyes were fixed ahead and he was accelerating rapidly. But the pickup of the banditos seemed to have dropped back behind us. Immediately after the two gunshots were fired, I tried to slide down in my seat. I was certain that we were going to be hit in a hail of machine gun bullets. But my fanny pack was hooked over my seat belt and I couldn't move. I released the buckle and was then able to slide down, with my head almost to the level of the door window sill and my body pressed back into the corner formed by the seat and the door.

Several seconds passed and no more gunshots came. Somehow, we had got past the small black car and the slower moving vehicle. Neither Pierre nor I have any idea how we got past them. One theory is that we passed them

on their right side. Another is that an oncoming vehicle may have forced the bandito's pickup to pull in behind us, enabling us to pass the black sedan when the road cleared. What really happened remains a mystery. But we were now hurtling down the highway at great speed, passing all the traffic ahead of us. Although I didn't want to poke my head up to look behind us through the rear window, it soon became apparent that we were not being pursued and that we were not going to be hit with any more gunshots.

One of the more bizarre aspects of the incident, for me, is the fact that I remained totally calm throughout. My heart rate did not increase from the time of our earlier casual chatting right through the incident, our flight from the scene and throughout our subsequent dealings with the authorities. The whole thing was surreal. Although my focus of attention was initially quite narrowed, my thinking processes remained normal and analytic and they did not freeze as I would have expected. If anyone had earlier asked me how I would have reacted in such a situation, I would have had no hesitation in saying that I would have panicked, have been scared out of my skin and would have had a pulse rate to match the RPM of our speeding engine. Yet inexplicably, I felt no fear. Perhaps being simply a passive passenger in our vehicle played some part. Other than trying to avoid being hit, there was nothing else I could do. In fact, I've felt more nervous writing this account than I did at the time of the incident. Possibly a psychologist would have an explanation, but it remains a mystery to me.

We eventually pulled into a gas station about four or five kilometres north of the scene of the incident. Just before we arrived at the gas station, I found one of the bullets just sitting on the window sill of the passenger door, right by my shoulder. As a result of it coming into contact with other

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locations around the truck cabin, its velocity was slowed sufficiently to cause it to bounce harmlessly from its last point of contact and onto the flat window sill on the door. We subsequently found the other bullet lodged behind the rubber moulding in the driver's side forward door post, between the driver's window and the windscreen. The bullet was somewhat deformed, but was made of two kinds of metal – lead and what appeared to be the mangled remains of a brass outer coating. There was a clean bullet hole through the inside of the forward window frame of the door. From its measurement, the bullet was from a 9 millimetre calibre gun. Pierre said that he saw a hand gun being fired. It was this shot, hitting our vehicle only about 12 inches from Pierre's head, which caused the window to explode.

The second gunshot entered our vehicle through the small vertical window behind the driver's side window in the back part of the cab. It struck the aft metal frame of the window about one third down from the top and was deflected into the cab. Our first theory was that it was then somehow deflected upwards where it hit the ceiling of the cab almost in the centre, just a little behind the two bucket seats. There was a hole in the cab headliner in this location. It then ricocheted diagonally forward across the passenger side of the cab and down to where it struck the passenger side forward doorpost by the windscreen, again about a third of the way down from the top. However, after we returned to San Salvador, Pierre found the brass outer covering of the lead bullet, with its forward face burst open, on the cowl over the dashboard on the driver's side directly opposite from the impact damage to the passenger side door post. Taking this fact into account, the second theory is that the initial impact with the aft edge of the small vertical window behind the driver caused the lead bullet and its brass covering to separate, causing the lead to deflect up to the ceiling and then bounce down to where it ended up on the passenger door window sill. The brass part of the bullet deflected directly across the interior of the cab and

struck the passenger door post. A third theory is that the lead and brass parts of the bullet did not separate until the bullet struck the passenger door post following its ricochet from the cab ceiling.

On the first and third theories, the bullet passed only inches from the top of my head in its trajectory from the ceiling to the door post. On the second theory, the brass part of the bullet passed only inches from the side of my head. On any of the theories, it's a miracle I was not hit.

The police were called from the gas station, and we were then guided to the police station accompanied by two police officers on a motorcycle. The reception desk at the police station was initially concealed behind a crowd of frisky local prostitutes who seemed to be going through some sort of registration process. We then

went through a lengthy and laborious report process with a young desk police officer who couldn't type and seemed to be learning the job.

In discussions between ourselves as we were hanging around, Pierre was of the view that our ambush had been a set up. We had been through two police checkpoints after entering Guatemala. The first involved about eight to ten officers. Our documents and the vehicle and its contents, including large boxes of boat gear, were checked over thoroughly. The second was about ten minutes further down the road. This one didn't seem like a regular checkpoint. It was just two police officers in regular black uniforms (different ones from those in the first checkpoint) who directed us to pull over. It was a very cursory stop, and they didn't even

look at the documents we proffered. The attack occurred about ten minutes after this second stop.

Police corruption is one of the facts of life in Guatemala. It doesn't exist everywhere and not all the police are corrupt, but it does exist. There have been many stories of collusion between police and banditos, and even stories of banditos actually being the police or former police. Pierre has lived



*9mm. Handgun Evidence*



*Driver Side Close Call*



in El Salvador for several years, and is aware of some of this history. Kidnapping is also a problem in Central America. There have been reports of incidents where drivers have been ambushed and killed by banditos and their vehicle and contents stolen. They have not been common in recent years, but they still occur from time to time. My guide book (Let's Go – Central America) describes incidents in Guatemala where both tourist and ordinary buses travelling through the countryside between cities have been stopped by armed banditos and the passengers robbed.

It was in this context that Pierre was of the view that we would not have survived if we had pulled over as the banditos had demanded. This view was confirmed in a subsequent conversation Pierre had with the Guatemalan Ambassador to El Salvador. It was Pierre's recollection in any event that the banditos started shooting at us almost immediately after yelling at us to stop, without even giving us the opportunity to stop.

As the police report was slowly being prepared, we were offered a police protective escort back to the El Salvador border. We accepted the offer, but I was concerned about the possibility of police collusion with the banditos. I didn't want the police to lead us back to the banditos. And if there was no collusion of these particular police officers - and you can call me paranoid if you want - I was not convinced, if we were attacked again by banditos, that the escorting police officers would not abandon us and run for cover.

It was helpful that Pierre had a cell phone. He called his partner in San Salvador, Silke, and told her what had happened. Silke is General Manager of a foreign based bank in the capital, and as part of her employment terms has been given the exclusive use of an armoured bullet proof Toyota Four Runner. The exterior body of the vehicle looks normal, except for the inch thick bullet proof glass in the fixed windows. Pierre called her again and asked her to send this vehicle to meet us at the border. Pierre also called the Canadian Vice Consul to report the incident. He called the Vice Consul again to advise him of our police escort back to the border, and that if we didn't call him again from the border in about three hours, to take appropriate action to locate us.

Although I remained emotionally calm throughout the police report process, I was becoming increasingly concerned that it was getting late in the afternoon. I didn't want us to be driving in Guatemala after dark, particularly on the same road on which we'd been attacked and with the possibilities mentioned above. With the police report finally being completely rewritten by a more senior woman police officer, we got under way in the late afternoon. But we only had two escorting police officers on one motorcycle – definitely no match for the banditos we'd earlier encountered. Another

team of two police officers on another motorcycle took over the escort duties part of the way to the border, following a lengthy and time consuming conference between them. I was somewhat nervous at our slow progress for the entire trip to the border, but we eventually got there in the latter stages of dusk.

After half an hour's wait on the El Salvador side of the border, we were met by Silke's bullet proof 4 x 4 and its two armed security guards. I felt much more secure being back in El

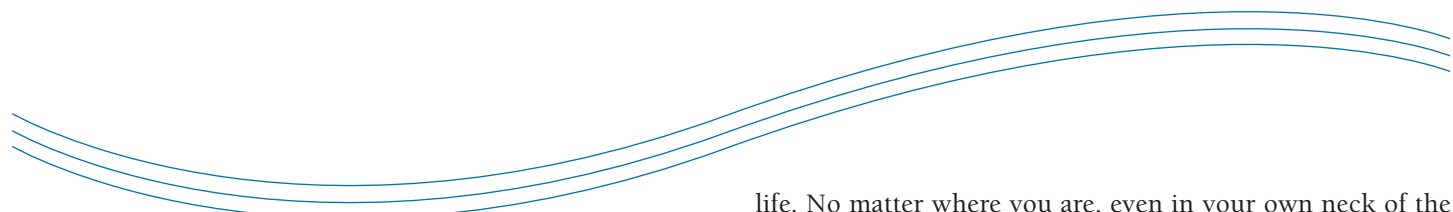
Salvador. But Pierre said that there were similar risks in driving through the countryside of El Salvador after dark as there were in Guatemala. Both Pierre and I transferred to the bullet proof vehicle. One of the security guards drove Pierre's vehicle and, except for a delay while being thoroughly checked by police at a large checkpoint (including our security guards' weapons and authorizations), we had an uneventful trip back to San Salvador.

Guatemala is an extraordinarily beautiful country. I've made three previous visits to the country without incident, one of these prior visits being via this very same route, and I've come to love the country, its culture and its friendly people. My previous visits have left me with some wonderful memories, some of which I will write about in future letters to Currents. Tourism is growing rapidly in Guatemala, justifiably so, and the country has many hundreds of thousands of visitors every year. Although petty theft is not uncommon, violent attacks on tourists and visitors in Guatemala are statistically rare, and even more rare in the recognized tourist areas. However, the incident described here is a reminder that, no matter how small the risk, there is still a risk in certain circumstances.

This attack will not discourage me from making future trips to Guatemala. My normal mode of land travelling is by bus with a backpack, wearing cheap cargo shorts and T-shirt and no jewellery or signs of wealth (other than my



*Wrong Place, Wrong Time*



tiny camera). This is much as all the guide books advise. Occasionally, I've travelled by international luxury coach and local tourist shuttle bus. Often, I travel in the ordinary beat-up under maintained much recycled buses with the indigenous travellers and their vegetables, livestock and breastfeeding babies. In future, I will probably avoid travelling in expensive looking recent model private vehicles, particularly if they are carrying a lot of gear visible to police checkpoint inspections. Cruisers often rent cars to make land trips. I would carefully weigh up all the pro's and cons along with local knowledge and the nature and safety of the area to be driven through before deciding on this means of travel. But this incident has not altered my attitude to travel in Central American countries. There are no certainties in

life. No matter where you are, even in your own neck of the woods, you will always be at some risk of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

### Postscript

*June 18, 2004. On my return to Bahia del Sol shortly after this incident, I talked to another cruiser anchored in the bay who was also just about to take a land trip to Guatemala. He and his family planned to rent a car and drive to Antigua and elsewhere. On hearing about my experience with the banditos, he decided to cancel the car rental and instead travel by bus for reasons of security. This cruiser and his family have just returned from their trip. Unfortunately, a bus they were travelling in left the road at speed and rolled over four times. It appears that the injuries they suffered were relatively minor, but this cruiser is presently sporting a neck brace.*

---

## Peregrinata

HUNTINGFORD 48 KETCH

Scott, Sonia, Katrina and  
Alex Crawshaw

June 22 2004

Our arrival at Bahia de Caraquez was in the middle of the night. The outer part of the bay was lit up with fishing vessels and their nets. We adjusted our course to avoid them all and proceeded to an anchorage position that is outside the bay, in order to wait for the high tide the next morning. The outer bay anchorage was one of the rolliest anchorages we have ever been in, even so, we all slept. We REALLY looked forward to our entrance the next morning. At 1030am, a young man called Cesar came aboard and guided us in and to a nice calm anchorage. This small town looks much bigger than it is, as there are a lot of condominium buildings near the beach that look like highrises from afar. There were about 17 other boats when we arrived, 10 on moorings and the rest at anchor. We anchored, got things put away and then rested. At 4pm there was a happy hour at the local yacht club and we went to meet the other cruisers. The town is very friendly and it is obvious that they enjoy having cruisers visit. The economy was hard hit in the late 1990s with a large earthquake, a large drop in the price of shrimp on the world market and a blight that ruined about 90% of the yield. The economy is slowly making a recovery and any additions help, including cruisers. There are a couple of cruisers that have fallen in love with the place and have decided to live here and start a marina. It is at the very beginning stages and the mooring buoys are just the beginning.

After spending a few days here, we planned to travel down to Puerto Lucia to say good-bye to David and Mary on *Gavia* (who are planning on returning to Victoria for 6 months) and then a short trip into the interior. We travelled with Bruce and Janine on *Incognita* and arrived at *Gavia*

at 5pm. They had been hauled out and were just finishing up for the day. We went out for dinner together with them and a British couple who have been sailing around for 8 yrs on their boat called *Sunstone*. A very nice evening. Scott took the girls to see Harry Potter III while Sonia went back to the hotel to enjoy a hot shower. The next day was Mary's 60th Birthday and Janine and Sonia had a wonderful day taking Mary to get a pedicure and manicure (\$2 each!!) followed by a trip into La Libertad for lunch and a walkabout.

The typical lunch in Ecuador is called "almuerzo" and costs a dollar/person. It consists of a big bowl of soup with your choice meat, fish, or chicken and is loaded with veg and potatoes followed by a choice of the same with rice, plantain, and a glass of juice!! The ladies had a great day together. They bought pastries to share with the guys who were helping David prepare *Gavia* for dry storage. They had just put the tea water on when the ladies arrived. That night David took us all out for dinner to celebrate Mary's birthday. It was very nice. The girls had made cards and brought a Paper Nautilus shell we found when we were with them in St. Elena, CR for her birthday gift.

The next morning, we caught the 5:30 am bus to Cuenca. We had to go through Guayaquil's bus station. It is the biggest one we've ever seen, 3 levels high! The trip into the mountains was absolutely amazing! At one point, we climbed to 4000 meters. The bus trip was incredible and went over roads that had sheer drop-offs of greater than

1000'. The national park we drove through is famous for its many lakes and ponds (even saw 2 alpacas). Many of the people are dressed in the traditional clothes consisting of a heavy single bright coloured skirt with embroidery on the bottom, a white blouse, a heavy sweater and either a Panama hat or a woolen shawl worn as a hat. The temperature was very cool, which was a treat. It was nice to wear a sweater and light coat in the evenings.

The town is full of old churches, markets, cafes, several museums and is bordered by gorgeous mountains and streams. The streets are cobblestone and the atmosphere is pleasant. While we were there, there was an eight day celebration of Corpus Christi. There were fire works every night and an incredible air of merriment. On Friday night, we spent the evening at the town square, where there were five huge fireworks towers set up. Before the towers were lit, there were a number of huge paper mache figures (cows, cowboys, ladies) that were carried around, one at a time by a man, through the large crowd. The figures were covered

in fireworks and were lit just as they entered the crowd. The crowd would scatter as the figure approached and each time a firework would go off, it would take off from the animal shape and then rocket all over the square. The cows also had horns that shot out sparks and would cover people with them. If we had any sense we would have been standing a lot farther away; as it was we were right in the middle of it jumping and running with the rest of the locals! No sense of safety here, but it was very exciting.

In addition, there were people setting up mini hot air balloons. They were made of brightly coloured tissue type paper that had some sort of fire protection on it. Suspended below the balloon was a rag soaked in oil, which was lit. The balloons were set off in regular intervals and it was amazing to see the night sky filled with these glowing tributes. Every so often a larger balloon was set off. Also, once in a while, a balloon would catch fire and come tumbling back down, or it would hit a building or antenna on a roof and bounce off.

The large cathedral in town is next to the town square, and, set up on one of the streets next to it were about a hundred stalls with nothing but cakes, donuts, pastries and sweets. A veritable heaven for a sweet tooth.

The fireworks towers are called Castillos (castles) and had multiple levels of wheels on all sides with fireworks rockets that would make them spin. Each level was lit one at a time and each level was more spectacular than the next. On top of the castle was a crown that would ignite and take off in the air, firing off rockets as it went. There were also people going around serving free alcohol that was a liqueur made from sugarcane and spices, quite tasty!

One of the memorable excursions we did while in Cuenca was a visit to a factory that makes Panama Hats. The company name is Homero Ortega and is one of the more well known companies in the country. They purchase unfinished hats from the communities and complete them at the factory. They are put through several processes that include preservation, colouring, shaping and decorating. We had a tour guide take us through each of the processes. They served us some of the local liqueur and then took us to the boutique, where we could try on different hats. There were pictures of famous people wearing hats made there, including Princess Di, Princess Anne, several actors/actresses (Brad Pitt, Julia Roberts, Peter Falk) and many others. Between *Incognita* and ourselves, we bought five hats.

On the third day, we left at 5:40am and did not arrive back onboard until 4:30pm. It was a great trip and we really enjoyed travelling with Bruce and Janine. It was also a touch of what we hope to do next month.

We are now back onboard *Peregrinata* and the girls

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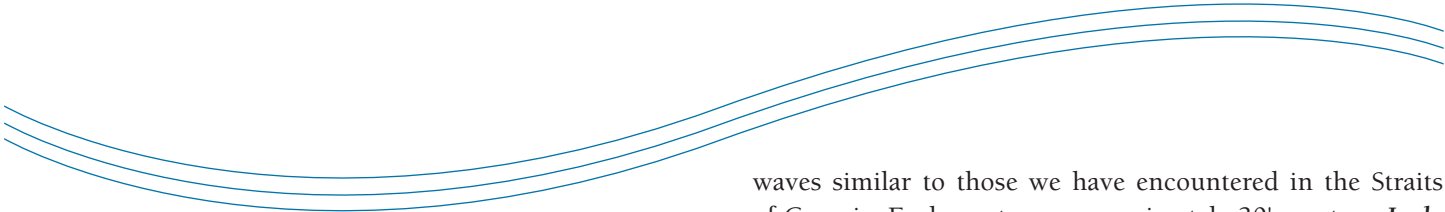
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started going to school today. They have been accepted in a private Catholic school. They should be speaking Spanish in circles around us in time. Their introduction to the school this morning was at assembly. The entire school was blown away when they were told that the girls are only 13 and 14. They are tall for their age in North American standards and are head and shoulders above their peers here. They were greeted enthusiastically by their classmates.

The boat is sure quiet without the girls during the day and we miss them. School hours are from 07:00am to 1:30pm. How many projects will we be able to accomplish onboard? We plan on meeting the girls each day after school and going out for almuerzo (we think the budget can manage \$1 per person per day).

On Wednesday, we are going to tour a banana plantation. So, we are busy, enjoying the country and its people, as well as learning a little about the culture. Life is great!.

Your friends,

Scott, Sonia, Alexandria and Katrina Crawshaw

## *Lady Tamora*

**AMOR 40 SLOOP**

**Barbara and Ernie Taylor**

August 17, 2004

**Panama to Ecuador**

the Galapagos Islands, Ecuador. Our departure was a little late, due to waiting for a sail repair. The winds had already begun the shift to southerly.

Over a week was spent in the beautiful Los Perlas Islands, with Ernie recovering from a flu bug. Bahia de Cocos, Isla Del Rey, anchorage is large and secure. A WW2 airstrip that is in excellent condition, with recent tire marks visible, is a short walk inland. Use caution when entering this anchorage, as there is a reef further into the bay than what appears on the charts.

Finally we were able to depart from Bahia de Cocos anchorage. With the current in our favor, we made good progress, but had to dodge rain and thunderstorms for a few days. One night a very large vessel shadowed *Lady Tamora*, approximately 2½ miles off our stern quarter. We felt it was likely the US Navy, as we overheard their communications the next day. However, the vessel maintained communication silence that night.

There were constant southerly winds for the next 3½ days. The wind was on our nose 20 to 38 knots, with sharp

waves similar to those we have encountered in the Straits of Georgia. Each crest was approximately 30' apart, so *Lady Tamora* would drop from one crest, only to be buried into the next one, making progress very slow and uncomfortable. We decided to motorsail, but to our dismay, found the transmission had blown the rear seal. Now we were true sailors! Our worst fear was the Doldrums; with an opposing current we would end up where we had started. Our 4 solar panels and Rutland wind generator supplied us with all the battery power we needed, and then some.

We decided to alter course to Puerto Lucia, Ecuador. We knew some cruisers there and had been told of the good repair service and haul-out facilities available. Once the storms died down, of course, the winds dropped to 3-6 knots. With the opposing current, it was a real struggle to sail to Puerto Lucia.

When we left Panama, we had been advised not to stop in Colombia, another reason to continue onto Puerto Lucia. After 6 days of sailing we crossed the equator at mid-morning, with low seas and very little wind. It was an emotional moment, and a first for both of us. Now we can call ourselves Shellbacks. King Neptune had his tote of rum, plus a splash of champagne for extra protection. Barb had bread baking, which was ready minutes after crossing the equator, so we broke the bread and had another drink of champagne.

At dusk the next day, we sailed into Punta De San Mateo, Ecuador. We were tired, as we hadn't stopped for 7 days. We dropped the anchor, under sail, in a sandy bottom. The wind was blowing overhead, but there was no fetch where we were anchored. So far we had travelled 962 miles, nonstop.

After a good dinner and night's sleep, we found our transmission (Borg Warner Velvet Drive) problem definitely was a blown rear seal. However, we concluded that, if needed, we could run the engine for a very short time. We cut a large plastic garbage bag, and fitted it like a diaper under the leak to catch the oil, and stop it from going all over the bilge. Also, we found if the dipstick plug was left loose, it didn't sling out as much oil, and we were advised that we could use diesel fuel in the transmission, for emergency purposes. We had lots of diesel!

A sail of 56 miles (24 miles normally) brought us to Isla Plata, a marine park, where we took a guided tour. Here we saw our first albatross nesting, as well as many boobie birds with different colored feet. The nesting birds guard their territories and will not leave, so you have to walk around them, or suffer the consequences.

This is truly a beautiful island, which is referred to as the "other Galapagos Islands".

A very slow, frustrating sail had us arrive at Puerto Lucia, Ecuador, 1087 miles and 11 days after leaving Isla Del Rey, Panama. An efficient staff immediately hauled out *Lady Tamora*. The transmission seal was fixed quickly and for minimal cost. We left *Lady Tamora* on the hard for the summer. Upon our return from visiting family, we took a 2-week tour of inland Ecuador. Buses were the main mode

of travel. Most of the drivers were very careful, while the buses were of different qualities.

The trip to Quito was long, passing through fertile farms, plantations, and into the Andes Mountains. The city of Quito is huge, with an old town and new town area. We spent 5 days in the old town area. Quito has lots of cathedrals with massive golden altars; museums; and ancient buildings dating back to the 14th century.

Our next stop was Octovallo and the Saturday open market. At 5am we heard noise outside our hotel, and looked out to see vendors putting up their stalls in the streets. The stalls covered more than half the town. All kinds of merchandise were available. The vendors packed in their merchandise from the mountains in huge back sacks, with a strap wrapped across their foreheads for support.

The women wore beautiful dresses all of a similar design, with lots of golden-colored necklaces. The girls all had rosy cheeks and beautiful complexions.

A complete pig was roasted outdoors. Whatever piece you wished to purchase would be cut off, wrapped, and presented to you. After some bargaining, we purchased a hand-knit llama wool sweater, 2 jade masks, a tablecloth, and a reed flute. It was a good thing we were travelling light, otherwise, we would have over-purchased.

During our tour of 4 villages, we watched how reed mats, flutes, and whistles are made, also the hand carding and weaving of llama wool. A walk to the lake, where reeds are collected for mats, offered an enjoyable view of a waterfall. A lot of the houses have guinea pigs – which eventually end up on the dinner plate – running around. At Rio Bamba, we rode on the roof of the train to the Devil's Nose – an exciting 4-hour ride through the countryside, with vendors balancing on the edge of the roof, selling their wares.

A scenic bus ride to Cuenca, the flower city, was most interesting. However, the bus ride back to *Lady Tamora* was another story. On Sunday afternoons, the road to Puerto Lucia is closed to all returning traffic to allow all the beach sun seekers to drive home without opposing traffic. The bus sat for hours until all the traffic had cleared, and then it was full speed ahead, even passing sport cars.

*Lady Tamora* had her bottom repainted and boot stripe raised – again!

January 25, time to move on. The 616-mile passage from Puerto Lucia to the Galapagos was excellent...if you enjoy motoring. We had a full 24 hours with no wind. Thanks to large fuel tanks, this passage was done in 3 days, 22 hours. Our only concern was one night when 2 freighters passed us at the same time, one on each side, less than a 1/2 mile off.

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Ernie had managed to pick up another nasty flu bug the first night out, which convinced us not to continue to Easter Island and Chile after visiting the Galapagos Islands. The anchorage at Bahia Naufragio, San Christobal Island, Galapagos, is large with good holding. However, our anchor chain wrapped around a large steel tub and old fishing net, and untangling this mess took most of the morning. Two fishermen helped cut the net free, and then threw it back into the water! Ernie wrapped a line around the tub and towed it by dinghy into very shallow waters. Sea lions have taken over the area, sleeping on pangas, park benches, and beaches. We nearly stepped on one that was sleeping under our dinghy, and actually scratched another one's back. There were large turtles and manta rays swimming under *Lady Tamora*. Pepe, a very large land turtle, lives here, and will slowly come to visit when his name is called.

Cargo ships of various sizes and conditions arrived almost daily, anchoring in the bay. The cargo would be unloaded into pangas and small barges. A truck, straddling two barges, was unloaded, and then lifted ashore with a large front-end loader...most entertaining to watch.

The dark side of the Galapagos is the many charter boats that fuel up from trucks on shore, at \$1.00 a gallon.. This practice results in large fuel spills in the bay. A person could fill their fuel tank if a device were available to scoop up this diesel. The frigate bird population is down drastically and they wonder why.

We were granted a 21-day visa, with only one island to be visited. We were told cruisers do a lot of environmental damage. This we did not agree with. We were left with the feeling that a person is most welcome to fly in and take a charter cruise of the Galapagos, and then leave.

An overnight passage brought us to Isla Isabel. The anchorage was very calm, but a bit scary to enter, as there was only 8' of water under us in one place, with surf breaking nearby. Penguins were the highlight of this island. They are much smaller than we had anticipated, but surely were fun to watch.

A fast sail around the island's southwestern tip, to view the volcanic craters that are still forming, was exciting. As we were tired, and it was 1:00am, we anchored in Caleta Tanguis for the night. A very large cruise ship was anchored off the entrance. When we awoke at 7:00am, the cruise ship was gone, leaving a lot of empty grapefruit half rounds in its wake. Makes us wonder who is doing environmental damage to these islands.

As we sailed away from the Galapagos Islands, we let *Lady Tamora* decide in which direction we would head. Our fuel and water tanks were full, as was the food locker. For a while, we headed back towards Panama, and then towards Costa Rica. The only time we altered *Lady Tamora's* course was when we were heading towards Hawaii.

The passage was very easy except for a few squalls with lightning when we passed through the ITC zone. At times we had a current of 1 to 3 knots against us, so we would just change course until we found more favorable currents. With no land for 600 miles this was not a problem. At times we had no wind. One night it was so calm we could see the stars reflected on the calm seas – a very magical night.

The boobie birds would land on our spreaders, and perch side by side, facing into the wind – a beautiful sight until they started to poop all over our sails. The only way to get them off was to whack each and every one with the spinnaker halyard.

We saw only 3 freighters during the entire trip; one even changed course to safely pass by us.

I would throw out a line whenever fish was to be on the menu, hoping a huge marlin would not hit. Unfortunately, one did hit, snapping 300# test line like a fine thread. We sailed 2/3rds of the way, so had lots of fuel left. This was one of the easiest passages with minimal swells and storms.

After 13 days, 1634 miles nonstop, we arrived in Zihuatanejo, Mexico. We could have carried on further; however, we knew Z-town would be easy to check into and our zarpe from Ecuador had said Easter Island and Chile. This did not cause a problem with the officials.

Barbara and Ernie Taylor

*Footnote: It is our understanding that a 30-day visa, with 3 islands permitted to be visited, is available in the Galapagos at this time.*

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## Windrunner II

ROBERTS SPRAY 40 KETCH

Stephen, Lee  
and Kyra Hindrichs

We remain the I-Matang or the fair skinned foreigners. The children have finally gotten up the courage to touch our skin. I-Matang means the people of Matang. Matang is a place of myth where the first Kiribati lived with their God in paradise.

*Due to space considerations, Currents was unable to print the long story that Lee refers to. Visit [www.bluewatercruising.org](http://www.bluewatercruising.org), sign in, click on Publications, click on letters and postcards for Lee's complete account.*

The spirits of Matang were all fair skin and haired. When the first Europeans arrived in these waters a couple of centuries ago they were thought to be Au and the spirits of Matang. Although it is no longer held to be true that we are God-like, we are still the I Matang and accorded great honour as guests in the villiages.

Christianity is a thin layer over deep roots of superstition and magic. Many will not venture forth at night because they fear that the ghosts will get them. Indeed, I have been sent home alone at night because the fear of my host outweighed his perceived obligation to ensure my safety. He was incredulous that I could be fearless in the face of the night when he will not even go out of his hut at night to relieve himself unless accompanied by his wife.

Along the points that mark the entrance to the lagoon many have heard blood-curdling screams on the night that a villager dies. It is said that his spirit will walk off of the point onto Makin-Meang, the halfway place between the living and the dead. Makin-Meang is at the northern most end of the Gilbert group of Islands. Upon this island must all the dead tread to come to the gate of Nakaa.

And so our days flow here. We are accepted by the people and spend a great deal of time in the village. **Our boat is in desperate need of more attention but how can one resist the opportunity of pounding a dead octopus to tenderness with the heavy end of a coconut frond?**

While I play in the village Stephen has been pounding away at the stuff that supports our mast. Bear shit is the technical term, a combination of fiberglass resin and asbestos. It is rather like cement. This great glob needs to be chipped away so that we can figure out what to do next with the mast.

Our other battle is with mildew and creepy crawlies. We are losing on both fronts.

Lyra is well, she enjoys my village distractions too. Village days generally mean no school. Her three R's may suffer but she knows my hygiene and sanitation lectures off by heart and her medical skills are advancing very nicely for a seven year old.

We do spend some time just playing. Snorkelling beyond the lagoon and frolicking with turtles, manta rays and all manner of fish. Shooting up the pass on the incoming tide like a watery version of Peter Pan on the way to Never Never Land.

Catching lizards and geckos to let loose on the boat in an effort to tame the creepy flying crawlies.

Wandering beyond the villiage into the jungle to find overgrown graveyards from half a century ago.

Mooching off of the weekly cruise line for fruit and complex conversation.

Despite the length of this letter I feel like I've said so little.

Stephen here. I'll add my two bits worth. Lee is definitely the writer in this family.

We were pleasantly surprised when we arrived here and saw the lushness of the forest and beautiful turquoise lagoon. Our impression was that it was much drier and more barren. Better than being disappointed! The lagoon water is warm, though not very clear due to the coral particles and plankton. Outside the pass into the lagoon, right next to where we are anchored, the water becomes clear, with some really nice snorkeling. That is something that I regret not being able to do more of. I would love to get better at free diving and being able to hold my breath. One of the locals I have gone with makes it look so easy. I expect to see gills growing out of him somewhere. It's like flying without the airplane when you are down there, neutrally buoyant, looking up at the coral heads, schools of fish, manta rays, and Lyra scooting about on the surface with her unique half dog, half fish swim stroke. Our busy lives interfere with more diving (Isn't that what we were supposed to get away from) and also a problem of infections. This island has a big problem with staph infections. Any small cut, if it isn't left to heal properly can quickly get infected. The salt water slows down this healing process as well as introduces bacteria. There was one other yachtie that got it really bad and almost needed to be evacuated out to Hawaii on the



## Bosun's Locker

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ship. It developed into a cellulitis that spread from his foot all up his leg. I have had a few, and one bad enough that needed antibiotics. That one started as a bug bite on the bottom of my foot. It seems that I have been hobbling around a lot, with that and now a broken toe. (Banged it on the steps in the boat. But I'm not hitting my head as much!) This combined with the hot humid weather (mid 80's to 90's) slows me down a fair bit. So much for my hopes of running and swimming. I can somewhat understand the lack of motivation that most people have here.

There have been up to 5 other sailboats here, but now it is just Michael and Yvonne from Germany on their beautiful homebuilt sloop, and Chuck, an expatriat American, now Kiribati citizen who lives on his old 60' steel boat with his extended local family. He is a surfing dude of old, a real character, with a good heart, but he seems to have gotten an infamous reputation for many things, likely caused by his lack of organization and fragmented thinking. (too many years of smoking drugs I guess) The German couple spend most of their time on the boat. He hardly ever goes ashore, except to partake of the cruise ship food. They are too frightened of catching something from the locals or from swimming in the water. It is amazing how few cruisers do venture ashore. It makes you wonder sometime why they are here. The only other cruisers that ventured ashore into the villages were Evan, who was crew on a US boat (he came to church with us and did lots of surfing) and Larry and Anne who were working for a missionary organization from the states. The local pastor got Larry

to do a couple of sermons in the short time they were here.

We are still looking at a late April, more likely May departure for either some of the Cook Islands or Western Samoa. We could easily stay here for a year trying to work on and follow through some of the projects we have going here. The people have it quite good here for the most part as far as third world standards go, but some of the basics are still rather lacking, and it wouldn't take much to make a drastic improvement in basic health care and sanitation. It is hard not to step in when we have some of the knowledge and skills to help. Having better communication and transportation would be a great benefit. Air service to Christmas would be a great benefit. Anybody want to start an airline? Lee is doing a great job of teaching and looking after many medical problems. The people will miss her when we leave. But I am looking forward to Suvarov Atoll, in the Cook Islands. Often there are no people there! Maybe we will get some of the boat maintenance done before it falls apart!

For those of you that are Ham radio operators, or know one. I dropped the previous radio sched. It was not working. Instead you can often find me on the Pacific Seafarers Net (14.313mhz) where I help out with relays. (It is a good location here and I am often the only station that can hear some boats) It starts around 03:00Z and the roll call is at 03:25Z. If you can't hear me you can always relay a message via one of the net controllers.

Much love to all, Lee, Stephen and Lyra.



# Education

## How to Register

Register by going to the Bluewater Cruising Association website

[www.bluewatercruising.org](http://www.bluewatercruising.org) complete and forward the on-line Education Registration Form. If you don't have e-mail access, call and leave a message for our

BCA Administrator at 1-877-214-4917. Include your name, the course name & start date and contact information (e-mail and/or phone #) so we can reach you should any

details concerning the course change.

Or on club nights complete the Education Registration Form available and pay at the Education Watch table.

Make cheques payable to the Bluewater Cruising Association and send to BCA's mailing address: Bluewater Cruising Association, 8886 Hudson Street, Vancouver BC V6P 4N2,

ATTENTION: Treasurer. OR FAX registration form with credit card information and signature to 1-877-214-4917. Please specify the course name and date to which the payment applies.

Payment is required upon booking. Payment must be received not later than 2 weeks prior to course start date in order to confirm your seat.

Course Name	Instructor	Course Start Date	No. of Classes/Sessions and times	Course Description	Course Location	Member Cost	Non Member Cost
Advanced Marine Diesel	Steve Tremblay	2005 02 19, Saturday and 2005 04 02, Saturday	Day-long session offered twice in 2005 from 0900 to 1500	Hands-on experience working on a diesel engine. Systems covered include air, cooling, exhaust, fuel and lubrication.	Marina and Boat TBA	\$66	\$92
Advanced Marine First Aid	Details TBA						
Basic Diesel	Steve Tremblay	2005 01 13, Thursday	Two consecutive Thursday evenings from 1900 to 2200	An introduction to those wanting and understanding of the operation and maintenance of their diesel engines. You will also cover installation, alignment and auxiliary systems.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$35	\$49
Basic Ham with Morse	Ron Kolody	2004 10 25, Monday and 2005 01 03, Monday	16 Consecutive Monday/Wednesday evenings	This course prepares students to write the Basic Ham Radio and 5-word/minute exams required by Industry Canada. Exams are written on the last 2 evenings of each offering.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$155 + \$100 Refundable morse key deposit	\$217 + \$100 Refundable morse key deposit
Basic Radio Theory	Malcolm Wilkinson	2004 11 06, Saturday	Day-long session from 0900 to 1700	A detailed overview of the installation of Ham and SSB systems on your cruising boat.	Jericho Sailing Centre	\$40	\$55
Boat Electrics - Starters, Alternators, Batteries	Steve Tremblay	2004 11 04, Thursday	Two consecutive Thursday evenings from 1900 to 2200	Starters, alternators, regulators and batteries; the course provides a basic understanding of how to maintain and field repair these units.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$44	\$61
Celestial Navigation	Malcolm Wilkinson	2004 10 28, Thursday	Ten consecutive Monday and Thursday evenings from 1900 to 2200	Learn how to fix a position using techniques that have served mariners for centuries. An excellent course for teaching "tools of the trade" and is highly recommended by past participants.	Jericho Sailing Centre	\$180	\$253
Fire Safety for Boaters	Justice Institute of BC Instructor To Be Announced	2004 11 13, Saturday	Day-long session from 0830 to 1630	Learn how to fight fires successfully on your boat and survive. Also learn how flares work. Equipment needed to combat most fire-related emergencies will be addressed.	Justice Institute, Maple Ridge Campus	\$137	\$191
Ham Radio Operation	Ron Kolody	2005 04 04, Monday	8 Consecutive Monday and Wednesday evenings from 1900 to 2130	Practical experience using the Ham Radio. All participants will be required to make contacts and demonstrate operating proficiency during class sessions. Note: You must have a Ham license before taking this course.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$145	\$203
Marine SSB	Ron Kolody	2005 03 07, Monday	4 Consecutive Monday and Wednesday evenings from 1900 to 2130	Learn how to use Marine SSB. Please note this is not a Ham Radio course and assumes that the student does not have a Ham license.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$78	\$109
Outboards	Steve Tremblay	2005 04 14, Thursday	One evening from 1900 to 2200	A hands-on experience turning your outboard from a demon into an angel.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$48	\$67
Rigging	Details TBA						
Sail Care	Dave Miller and Crew from North Sails	2004 10 28, Thursday	One evening from 1900 to 2130	Three-time Olympic participant and Bronze medal winner Dave Miller will teach how to obtain maximum sail performance. You will also learn how to make sail repairs.	North Sails Canada Ltd. sail loft in Richmond	\$5	\$7
Weather - West Coast	Dominique Prinett	2004 12 07, Tuesday	Two evenings, December 7th, Tuesday and December 9th, Thursday from 1900 to 2200	Participant will learn how to understand weather forecasts and interpret weather maps. Basic meteorology theory is explained giving sailors the knowledge of why weather patterns develop and how to react to them.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$31	\$43
Weather - Off Shore	Dominique Prinett	2005 02 01, Tuesday	Two evenings, February 1st, Tuesday and February 3rd, Thursday from 1900 to 2200	This course contains much of the same information as outlined above, but has been designed specifically for Fleet Members only. Non Fleet members may be allowed to attend on a "space available" basis. Please contact the Fleet Coordinator.	Scottish Cultural Centre	\$31	\$43





# Tradewinds



PLEASE NOTE: Nautical ads placed in Tradewinds are free to BCA members and are printed on a monthly basis. Cost for a one-month ad to non-members is \$35.00 CDN plus \$10.00 for a photo. Cheques are payable to Bluewater Cruising Association and are sent to the BCA Treasurer at the address below. Please email your ad to [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:currents@bluewatercruising.org) with TRADEWINDS/your name in the SUBJECT LINE. Alternatively, mail to CURRENTS c/o Bluewater Cruising Association, 8886 Hudson Street, Vancouver V6P 4N2. The deadline is the 20th of the month for the month-after-next issue, e.g., July 20th for the September issue. PLEASE CONTACT US FOR MONTHLY RENEWALS with the entire text, including any revisions, included each time.

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**Homebrew** Fraser 41, custom center cockpit Electric Windlass, Furuno Radar, Garmin GPS ICOM 235 - SSB/Ham 10 Ft. Achilles with 9.9 Mercury Australia, Caribbean and Alaska veteran. Ideal for offshore or liveaboard. \$130,000.00 For information: Phone 604-983-6623 or Email [thrrtn7@aol.com](mailto:thrrtn7@aol.com)

**NANCY BLACKETT** a 37' Discovery cutter completely equipped for offshore cruising; a proven boat ready to sail. Recent survey available for viewing. Priced to sell. Will be in Vancouver after mid September. Contact: Dennis Holden: [blueberry\\_klh@hotmail.com](mailto:blueberry_klh@hotmail.com)

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## GEAR FOR SALE

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2000 W Heart Inverter \$600.00 Call Richard or Virginia at 604.255.4013 or email [vwill\\_abs@telus.net](mailto:vwill_abs@telus.net)

50 lb Manson Plough anchor from New Zealand. Brand New. Unused. Manson are the most popular anchors in the South Pacific, see the Manson web site. I am selling this anchor because I have bought a bigger one. \$485. Malcolm Wilkins on 604.224.7444, [malcolmw@telus.net](mailto:malcolmw@telus.net)

Jordan Series Drogue for 25,000-30,000 displacement-boat. Approx 135 cones. New condition-never used & stored in dry area. Professionally made. Complete with deployment bag. \$950. Phone Carolyn 604.616.2993 or [whitestarhouse@hotmail.com](mailto:whitestarhouse@hotmail.com)

Proheat Diesel Furnace, 32000 BTU (hot water), computerized self-diagnosis, \$1000 obo. (Being replaced with a more powerful furnace for our uninsulated boat.) See [www.aramoana.tk](http://www.aramoana.tk). Call Roger or Eric at (604) 214-1313, or e-mail at [aramoana@pacificcoast.net](mailto:aramoana@pacificcoast.net).

Seagull outboard, great shape, make an offer. Contact Peter at (403)531-2200, or at [peter@compasstax.ca](mailto:peter@compasstax.ca).

Tohatsu 8 HP 2 cycle outboard. Starter replaced & recently serviced. Reliable & runs well. 54 lbs. \$900. Phone Carolyn @ 604.616.2993 or e-mail [whitestarhouse@hotmail.com](mailto:whitestarhouse@hotmail.com)

Wasi anchor ball (anchor to chain connector) 10mm suitable for 40-66 lb. anchor and 5/16" to 3/8" chain. To view details, see [www.swisstech-america.com/powerball.html](http://www.swisstech-america.com/powerball.html). New, still in box. \$200. Phone Carolyn 604.616.2993 email [whitestarhouse@hotmail.com](mailto:whitestarhouse@hotmail.com)

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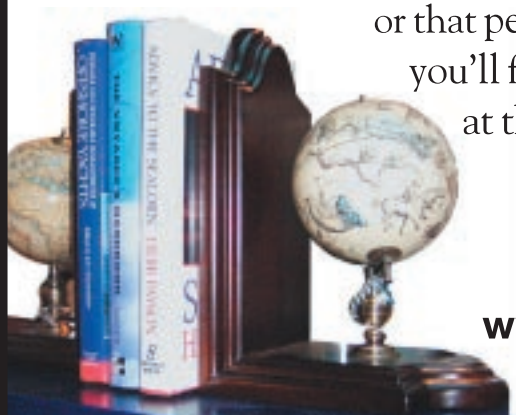
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